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It seems to be a habit of our friends lately to ask us where we are going with The Outlook—by which they usually mean, what sort of magazine do we finally hope to publish for our subscribers?

Well, ordinarily, we like to reply that in time we hope to have a magazine which we can hand to visiting foreigners to our shores, and say: "That's about the way America looks to us. These are the things we are interested in here. This is the manner in which we are seeking our goal; and this is the sort of argument we are having getting there. Don't bother to travel. Read The Outlook."

SOME of our friends call this a kind of intelligent super-reporter. Others remark that it sounds like a real international journal, at last; while still others say that to them it sounds like a national weekly which will interest all those intelligent people who live, move, and have their being somewhere between the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Atlantic Monthly."

We suppose that's a good description of it.

The truth is, we want a genuine weekly which will be what its name implies—the present-day outlook on life of civilized men and women.

IT'S the reason we are beginning next week such a pleasant thing as a Sports Department by Herbert Reed. It's summer—and we can't keep the golf bags or the tennis racquets in the closet any longer. Also, it is why we are speeding Mr. Bonner to European shores to get a view of the European music festivals and affairs, generally. It explains further why we are beginning a series soon on famous American literary figures of the past, from Emerson down, revalued by the critics of today. And why we will follow it with papers from English authors on the intellectual movement for religion without revelation, which is taking place in that country.

AND, meanwhile, Dixon Merritt and Henry Pringle are trying to keep from promising beds to every newspaper man they know who wants to go with them to Houston and Kansas City and see the Republican and Democratic Conventions.

THE fact is that life is exceedingly varied and colorful today, both in the world of action and ideas, in the home and out of it. To keep up with it requires a better Outlook every week.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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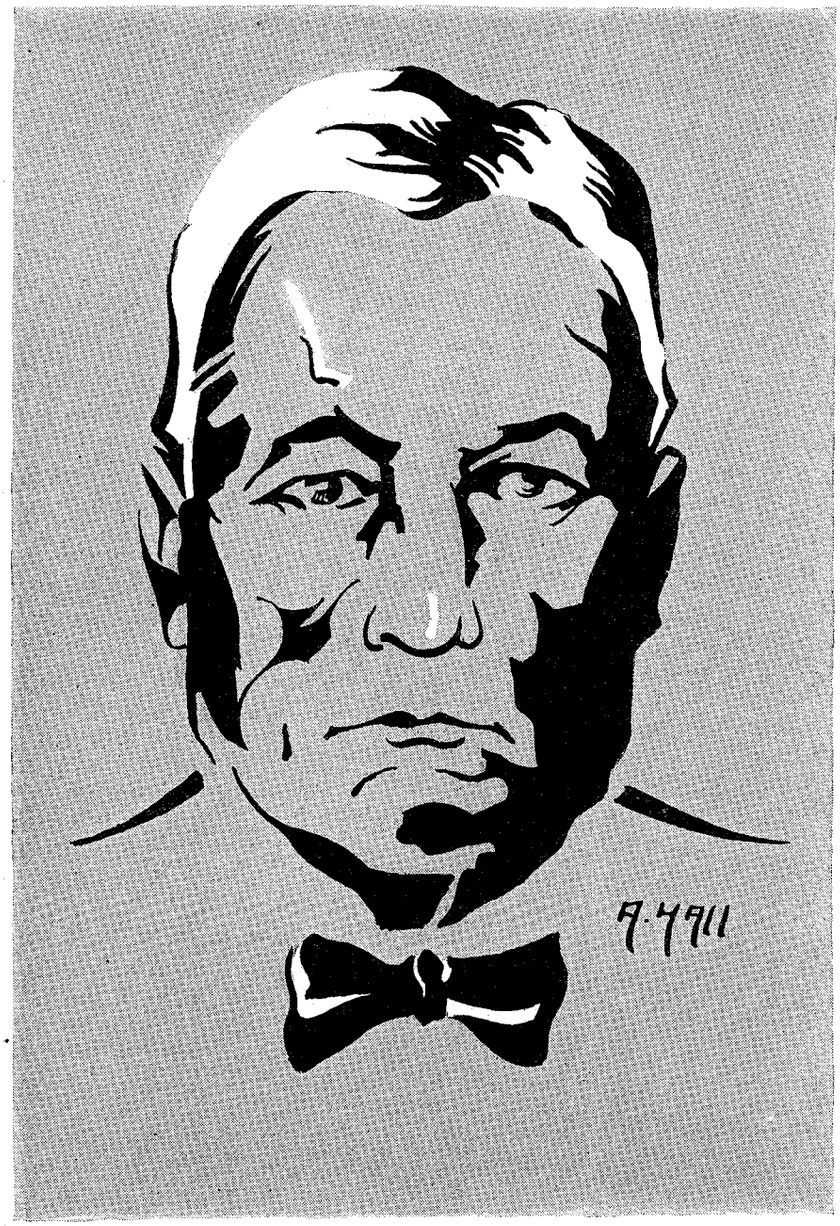

Frank Orren Lowden

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The Outlook

May 23, 1928

Lowden of Illinois

By DIXON MERRITT

Lowden, the Republican, the farmers' candidate—a democrat who does not believe that democracy is the last word in government. This political portrait, the sixth in a series, is written by The Outlook's Washington correspondent.

FRANK O. LOWDEN has his resemblances to Andrew Jackson. Such things are likely to be discovered in any public man in this centennial year of Jackson's rise to the Presidency, but the basis of comparison will not be quite the same in the case of any of the others.

Between them, Jackson and Lowden have done about all the pushing aside of high offices and honors that has ever been done in the United States. Jackson's way was to accept election or appointment, serve a little while, and resign. Lowden's way has been to refuse to accept in the first place.

He developed this habit, in a big way, in 1896. That year he was chairman of the Political Action Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago, and did ringing work for sound money. McKinley, duly elected, offered to reward Lowden by making him First Assistant Postmaster-General. Lowden was then thirty-five years old, and, if he expected to get anywhere in politics, needed stepping-stones. He declined this one, however.

During the succeeding twenty years Lowden did a good deal of minor league declining, including a re-election to Congress and two or three proffers of the nomination for Governor, but the bulk of his brilliant work as a refuser of honors has been done since 1920. He refused to accept from Harding appointment either as Secretary of the Navy or Ambassador to practically any first-class country. That he declined the Secretaryship of the Navy is a pity. It is not too much to guess that had he accepted, Teapot Dome would not be the symbol for corruption and Warren G. Harding might not be in an all but dishonored grave.

When George Harvey came back from the London Embassy to accept the last installment of his reward for low-rating Woodrow Wilson, to accept it not from the Administration which had passed into the control of Coolidge, but from the hand of Ned McLean—which hand, Albert B. Fall first said, slipped him the slithery hundred thousand—Lowden was offered the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's. Harvey wrote a soggy editorial page for the Washington "Post," Lowden stayed on his Illinois farm, and Frank B. Kellogg went to London.

Lowden's star declination came in June, 1924, when the Republican National Convention had unanimously nominated him for Vice-President.

I DO not know why Lowden has so persistently refused to accept anything at the hands of his party, in power at Washington since March 4, 1921. He has never made any explanation, except to say that he did not want to give up living on the farm. Some of his friends say that it has been his practice all his life not to accept a position unless he knew that there was a particular work to be done and that he was the man to do it. Those statements may be the truth and nothing but the truth, but there is just room for the suspicion that they are not the whole truth.

In 1920 Lowden was, for once in his life, an active candidate. He wanted to be President. He had the votes of thirty-two States. But General Leonard Wood deadlocked the Convention with him.

Certain persons, sniffing around, thought they could detect on Wood the odor of the soap works at Ivorydale. These and other persons smelled Lowden out, and followed the trail of $39,000 into Missouri. Only $5,000 of it smelled bad. That sum appeared to have been paid for two delegates. There was not much evidence to that effect except that $2,500 a head was regarded as about the right price for delegates on the hoof. The Missouri affair did the business for Lowden, as the P. & G. affair did for Wood, and Warren G. Harding was nominated.

It has always been claimed for Lowden that Missouri was the one State into which he was not permitted to send his own manager, and that any improper use of money was wholly without the knowledge of Lowden and of those directly responsible for his campaign. However that may be, the Republican Party, in

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so far as it is concerned, washed the stain from Lowden's name when, four years later, it offered him, without a dissenting voice, the nomination for Vice-President.

Meanwhile, keeping his mouth shut, Lowden had steadfastly refused to accept anything from the Administration or from the Republican Party as then organized.

Here, certainly, is one Republican who can be neither credited nor charged with any part in anything done by the Republican Administration or the Republican organization since the early stages of the National Convention of 1920. Nobody is likely to proclaim that as an issue, but, none the less, it may be an issue on which to elect or defeat a candidate.

IN the sixty-seven years of his life Lowden has held but two public offices. In 1906 he was appointed to fill out an unexpired term in Congress. Thereafter he was twice elected.

Passing Congressmen leave but few and shallow footprints on the sands of legislation. Lowden did, however, leave one that has grown deeper. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and was, apparently, more concerned with the committee room than with the floor. He was the first to insist that the United States Government own its embassies and consulates abroad. He pestered the State Department a good deal trying to find out what could be done and, withal, fairly launched the movement which, in very recent years, has resulted in the carrying out of his plan.

From 1917 to 1921 Frank O. Lowden was Governor of Illinois. Despite the fact that his administration covered the period of our participation in the World War and of the depression immediately following it, Lowden did much constructive work. Indeed, it is only simple justice to say that he was one of the most successful Governors on a large scale that the American States have produced.

When Lowden entered the Governor's office, the Treasury of Illinois contained $528.82. One of the first things that the new Governor did was to bring about a reduction of taxes from ninety to sixty cents. Later, he brought about another reduction to approximately forty cents. He inaugurated an extensive program of improvements, greatly reduced the State debt, and left a balance of $15,132,658.03 cents in the Treasury, thus disproving in advance the contention later made at Washington that a government cannot at the same time reduce taxes increase appropriations, and keep a safe balance.

When Lowden became Governor, there were in the Government of Illinois 128 separate bureaus, boards, and commissions. He consolidated them into nine departments.

There is here something strangely prophetic of what Alfred E. Smith was to do as Governor of New York. I have not the figures before me, but I believe that Governor Smith had somewhat fewer bureaus, boards, and commissions and did not combine them in quite so few departments.

Lowden's Department of Finance set up a State budget and became the model for the United States Bureau of the Budget.

Following is a summary of the main achievements of Lowden's administration:

Improvement of roads and inland waterways; abolition of private and unregulated banks; revision of the revenue laws; reduction in costs of elections; reorganization of State and municipal pension systems; development of State forestry; encouragement of co-operative marketing; enactment of a compulsory employee's compensation act; an adequate corporation code; and a housing code for the State as a whole, but more particularly for the city of Chicago.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Lowden was helping as much as a Governor could to win the war. He was among the group of Governors most earnestly behind the Administration at Washington in war matters. The National Guard regiment of which he was long Lieutenant-Colonel —with which he fought the Battle of Florida in the Spanish-American War— became the nucleus of the Thirty-third National Guard Division, one of the crack outfits of our expeditionary forces.

When the war was over, Lowden believed in the League of Nations, as Coolidge and Hoover did. Lowden has not recanted. This does not necessarily prove that he has not changed his mind. It may be due to the same trait that has kept him from answering Senator Borah's wet and dry questionnaire. He is said to have no objection to having his prohibition views known, but is not ready to recognize Borah as his political overlord.

One other worthy item of Lowden's war record ought to be mentioned. William Hale Thompson decided to stage an anti-war demonstration. Lowden warned him not to do it. Thompson persisted. Lowden sent troops to Chicago, quite effectually restrained the demonstrators, and won the lasting enmity of William Hale Thompson.

The time has come to see who this Lowden is.

IN the late fifties of the last centur Lorenzo Lowden, a blacksmitl trekked from Pennsylvania to the prairi frontier of Minnesota. Between the S Croix and Sunrise Rivers, at a tradin post which was to become the village c Sunrise, he settled and set up a black smith shop. Later he bought and move to a farm two miles from the post.

Came the night of January 26, 186 A blizzard was howling down fro Medicine Hat. A farm-hand, mufflere and booted, staggered into the post. Th stork was at the Lowden farmhouse.

Such was the intensity of the blizzar that for thirty hours neither the farn hand nor anybody from the post coul negotiate those two miles to the farn properly to introduce Frank Orren Lov den to the world. But he got on.

It may indicate something of th man's character to relate the fact tha Frank O. Lowden owns the farmhouse i which he was born and the blacksmit shop which his father built, and h helped in making the schoolhouse a con munity center for the village of Sunris

When Frank was seven years old, th wagon bows were sprung again and th family moved to central Iowa. The Frank O. Lowden grew up, taug school, went to the State Universit taught a year between each two colle years, and, with honors, got his degr and began to read law. Thence he we to Chicago to finish his law course Northwestern, and, when he had aga won honors and a degree, settled dov in the city to practice.

That was in 1887. For nineteen yea Lowden successfully practiced and for time taught law at his Alma Mat Then he retired from practice a moved to a farm in Rock River Valley

Ten years before this retirement, t blacksmith's son had married the ca penter's daughter. The carpenter ha pened to be George M. Pullman, w carpentered a sleeping-car and esta lished one of America's great fortunes.

Frank O. Lowden has looked after l wife's interests in the Pullman Compan He has had connections with bankir It is said that he dominated in t establishment of the American Radiat Company. He was influential in the organization of the National Bisc Company. Decidedly, Lowden's busin has not been small.

For twenty-two years, Frank O. Lo

(*Please turn to continuation, page 158*)

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Five Poems

By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

Blessings

THESE things still bless—
  Fire,
Because the world is cold;
A sharp caress
Relived again;
Pain, that puts out the brighter pain
A moment—rain
Because you loved it;
Sleep, with a hand to hold—
(Dreams, embers!)
And the poised, breathless moment
On the ledge of day
Ere the poor heart remembers.

The Golden Ball

I USED to carry happiness
  Like a golden ball,
I had to walk so timidly
  For fear I'd let it fall.

But some one snatched it from me
  And threw it to the sky—
Now my arms are empty
  There's none so brave as I.

Blown Leaves

IT is winter in your tool-house,
  There is rust on the hammer,
There are leaves in your chair.
Mice are busy with the riding boots.
Down on Penn Street Mrs. Mulcahy
Has made breeches out of your golf things—
Breeches for Mike and Handy
To cry in on the corners:
"Extra! Extra!
  All about the Big Fight!
  All about the Suicide!
  All about the Robbery!"
Are you glad sometimes,
Are you glad ever
It is winter in your tool-house,
There is rust now on the hammer,
Only leaves left,
Only blown leaves,
In your chair?

Time

ROUND the picnic fire
  We warm our hands and glow,
Watch the dancing faces,
  Tell the things we know—

In the fog beside us
  Time stalks by and muses;
Putting in his pockets
  Those of us he chooses.

Spring

SPRING knocked thrice upon the door;
  I let her in with dawn—
I thought it was September,
  But she told me winter'd gone:

Time is not Time without you
  And breath is hardly breath,
And crocuses are little ghosts,
  And nothing lives but death.

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Vaudeville at Angelus Temple

By SHELTON BISSELL

"A sensuous debauch served up in the name of religion." Thus Mr. Bissell characterizes a visit to Angelus Temple. The gathering of over five thousand people at unadvertised services there every Sunday evening constitutes a phenomenon almost unique in American church life. Mr. Bissell is a Los Angeles minister.

TAKE the Edendale car out of Los Angeles some Sunday afternoon toward five o'clock. Ride for a bit less than a half-hour and alight at Echo Park. Here are much shade, cool green water, pleasant grassy glades, and, beyond and above it all, looming stark, ugly, bloated, a huge gray concrete excrescence on this delightful bit of nature. It is Angelus Temple, citadel of Aimee Semple McPherson and the Four-Square Gospel.

At 6:15 the doors swing open. The Temple holds 5,300, and probably one-fourth of that number are in line at this time. Within fifteen minutes the huge auditorium with its two flaring balconies is completely filled. The interior is plain, the stained-glass windows garish, but the lighting is adequate, the opera chairs restful after your long stand in line, and the ventilation through scores of doors and transoms is satisfactory. The platform is arranged for an orchestra of fifty, and the "throne" of "Sister" McPherson on a dais just below the high organ loft, softly bathed in creamy light from overhead electrics. Behind the "throne" is a shell of flowers and greenery. The musicians, mostly young and all volunteers, come in at 6:30.

The service proper will not begin until seven, but with the entrance of the band it is seen that not a seat is vacant, and that hundreds are standing at the doors. When it is remembered that this is only a usual, unadvertised—Aimee carries no church notice in the dailies—Sunday night service, repeated fifty-two times in the year, it will be seen that here we have a phenomenon almost, if not quite, unique in American church life. We are reminded also that this is "Radio KFSG" by two microphones.

For half an hour the band dispenses such familiar secular and quasi-religious selections as Sousa's "Washington Post," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," a waltz-time arrangement of "Mighty Lak a Rose," and a crashing number, announced by the leader as "Radiant Morn March." After each selection there is loud applause. But the performance must at least be tagged as dedicated to the Lord, so at the sound of an electric bell two uniformed young women workers appear on the platform with a banner, "Silent Prayer." Instantly the musicians kneel, a hush falls upon the thousands, and in utter stillness the great throng sits for the space of thirty seconds. Then the bell rings again, the banner is quickly removed, and the band bursts into a lively waltz tune.

NOW, at five minutes to seven, the vested choir, half a hundred strong, enters from either side. There is a moment of tension and hushed expectancy. All is in readiness. The dramatic has surely not been neglected by this superdramatist. Audience, workers, band, choir, even microphones—all are here. But the throne is still empty, bathed in its soft light. Suddenly through a door far up on the wall, opening out on her private grounds, appears Mrs. McPherson. She is clad in white, with a dark cloak thrown loosely around her shoulders; her rich auburn hair, with its flowing permanent wave, is heaped high on her head. In her left arm she carries a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, artfully planned to illustrate a point in her sermon (Canticles ii. 1), a description ignorantly applied by her to Jesus; on her face is the characteristic expansive, radiant McPherson smile. She is a beautiful woman, seen from the auditorium, with the soft spotlight shining upon her. Let no man venture to deny it. And, in fact, no man will. The writer has seen screen beauties in his day, and confesses to a slight clutch of the heart as he watched her superb entrance. Assisted to her "throne," she gracefully seats herself, turns to her audience—and her microphone—and is ready to begin.

Of the almost bewildering program which followed there is time and space to say little. The singing was stupendous, cataclysmic, overwhelming. "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Rock of Ages," and other favorites followed in swif succession, a stanza or two of each. Th more than five thousand voices so fille the temple that the ear-drums wer bruised and beaten by the thunderou concussion. "Sister" led with voice an waving arm, though she had choir an organ and trumpeters behind and aroun her. It is her service, let no man forge that. Not for one moment does sh drop the reins. The hand-shaking, sand wiched in between two hymns, was clever device to create the illusion tha all—sinners, saints, workers, mere spec tators—are one huge happy family.

"Every one take the hand of fiv others all around, in front and in back, shouts the beaming Aimee.

Humming confusion with laughter an motion follow, while the five thousan stand up and stretch. The choir the sings, and sings gloriously, the composi tion of California's own Charles Wake field Cadman, "The Builders." Littl children file onto the stage, and the sing, too—sing so that all in the templ can hear every word, sing as I hav never heard a dozen little tots sing in a my life. And the silent radio catche every note and flings it out to listenin thousands. Then Aimee prays, a praye liberally splashed with "Amens" fro the crowd. A small boy, eleven yea old, enlivens the occasion by playing o a guitar "made of solid silver," as "Si ter" radiantly announces. Only or short encore is allowed the enrapture audience, which applauds until Aime holds up her hand. Much is comin yet, and the time element bulks larg Mrs. McPherson carries a watch, an she never forgets to look at it.

Next, the audience must judge b tween the comparative merits of son songs written by workers in the Templ and sung lustily to different popul tunes, such as "There's a Long, Lon Trail" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, th Boys Are Marching." A stereoptico flashes the words on a big bare spot c the left-hand wall, where all can se Winning words, in the estimation of th crowd, judged by the volume of ap plause, began thus,

I was loaded down with sin,
But my Saviour took me in.

They were sung to "Tramp, Tramp and it was easy to see that they wou

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be a prime favorite in the Temple thereafter. The prize-winner was called to the platform, and there graciously presented with her reward by Aimee herself. After a rather humorous song by the Male Four-Square Quartet and a piano solo ending with a tremendous crash of all the keys within reach, the platform was cleared for a wedding. The big organ boomed forth the stately chords of the "Lohengrin" march, and the wedding party was discerned crawling at a snail's pace up the long, long aisles. Attention was divided between the procession and the superb figure standing before her "throne" waiting their arrival. Two Temple workers were to be made one and sent forth to preach in a branch of the Four-Square Gospel. Being an ordained minister, "Sister" performed the ceremony, using the full Episcopal service, slipping and faltering once or twice as she read the words.

The microphone is very close here, for the grandmother of the little bride is listening in at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and after the service, which is concluded with a loud "Salute the bride" from Aimee and a shower of rice raining down from the laughing men and women in the choir, "Sister" lifts the microphone and in dulcet tones calls greetings to the listening grandmother.

And now she announces, "The offering will be taken," and is so busy giving orders to her handsome young major-domo at her side that she almost forgets such a minor matter as the prayer over the plates held patiently by the dozen ushers, until the oversight is hurriedly rectified by "Lord, accept the offering we have brought. Amen." The collection is not a copper or even a silver one predominantly. Many bills are heaped in the baskets, for Mrs. McPherson preaches the alabaster box of costly ointment more frequently than the widow's mite, and her followers are all tithers, to the last individual.

"OPEN all the windows, all the doors," commands "Sister." "We have a rule in the Temple that no one shall leave during the sermon, under any circumstance. I become utterly helpless if there is any motion before me. No one must stir. The ushers will enforce this, please."

Smilingly said, but the tone is that of Napoleon before battle. All settle down as the lights are lowered, and the sermon, the climax of this astonishing religious vaudeville, begins.

Aimee preaches with a beautiful white-leather Bible in her right hand. The book is open, and the leaves of her sermon are within it. She is rather closely bound to her notes, yet so deftly does she handle them that it almost seems as though she were preaching extempore. The sermon, from the theme "What Think Ye of Christ?" is crude, rambling, now and then artfully self-laudatory, a handful of proof-texts loosely strung together with commonplace illustrations. Summoning fanciful figures to her side with a vigorous hand-clap, she conducts a court of inquisition. Builder, banker,

The power of McPhersonism resides in the personality of Mrs. McPherson. The woman is everything; the evangel nothing

jeweler, architect, politician, schoolboy—on they come in fancy, with many others, and each is asked the question, "What think ye of Christ?" to be answered with an ecstatically uttered text of Scripture. "He is the door," said the builder. "The pearl of great price," said the banker. "The Prince of Peace," said the statesman. "The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," said the florist—it was here that Aimee's bouquet made effective entrance. Even the grocer had to bear his testimony, for Jesus was to him "the fuller's soap." With illustrations, almost all of them more or less improbable, these gentlemen with their testimonies were homiletically strung together. But it was reserved to the schoolboy to make the hit of the evening.

"Schoolboy," shouted Aimee, summoning him with a clap of her hand from the aisles of memory, "what think YE of Christ?"

"Oh, he is the elder brother!"

"Yes," shouts "Sister," "he is. See the poor little schoolboy going home from school. Behind that tree lurks a big, blustering bully. He pounces on the little boy and pummels him. But down the road comes the elder brother on a bicycle. He leaps on the bully, and has him down; he rubs his face in the dirt." The action is graphically illustrated by Aimee, and greeted by the excited laughter of the thousands. "He saves the schoolboy. Amen." "Amen," is echoed by all. "Oh, how often have I been like that schoolboy," she goes on, a note of pathos creeping into her voice. "No husband, no father, no brother—all alone in the world. The big bully, the devil, has me down, He is pummeling poor Sister. But suddenly down the road, on his bicycle of love and grace, comes the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord! He rescues me." Fervent ejaculations from her auditors.

It was hopeless as a sermon, but it was consummate preaching. She knew her audience. She knew what she was after, and she got it. She is a superb actress. Her rather harsh and unmelodious voice has yet a modulation of pitch which redeems it from utter disagreeableness. To her carefully manicured and polished finger-tips she is dramatic. In her pose, her gesture, her facial expression, her lifted eyebrows, her scintillating smile, her pathetic frown, Aimee is a perfect exponent of the art of how to say a platitude and delude her hearers into thinking that it is a brand-new truth, just minted by her. She sweeps her audience as easily as the harpist close beside her sweeps the wires in soft broken chords while she preaches. And not for one instant of time is Mrs. McPherson unmindful of that great unseen listening multitude "on the air." She moves the microphone from time to time. She rests her hand lovingly upon it. She never shifts her position one step away from it. All her climaxes are enhanced to the listening thousands throughout southern California and near-by States who regularly "tune-in" on Sunday nights. Radio KFSG is as dear to her as the five thousand and more in Angelus Temple.

AT 9:25 to the dot the converts fill the platform. Just why they come is a

(*Please turn to continuation, page 158*)

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The Living Death of the Monkey Law

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

A LITTLE less than three years ago a battalion of distinguished lawyers sweated in the July heat of a Tennessee country court-room over the menace of anti-evolution laws. Simultaneously the stories of a regiment of picked correspondents sweated cold alarm at the approaching death of religious freedom in the Republic. From vantage-points of slightly less physical discomfort a grand army of publicists, leaders of opinion, and mere editorial writers sounded tocsins of virtuous protest. The Scopes trial in its day was almost as famous as the late Mr. Dempsey's battles or the Hall-Mills case.

Doubtless it was all to the good. The arts of ballyhoo have their uses when they can make an American folk folly famous for its unconscious humor from the Buenos Aires Jockey Club to the bohemian quarter of Sofia, Bulgaria.

Nevertheless if, instead of being crass materialists, the paladins of the Scopes defense had been granted the prophetic vision to see the effects of monkey laws upon Tennessee after three years, I question whether they would have so violently exerted themselves.

My own entry into the realm of legalized Fundamentalism took place on an April morning of peach blossoms, budding groves, and warm cloud shadows on rain-washed, newly green meadow grass. Even a professional biologist, staring out the Pullman window at the rolling Tennessee landscape, might have forgotten for an hour how evolution worked and recognized spring as a charmingly psycho-pathological, not to say romantic, experience. Yet, without knowing specifically how it works at all, even the Pullman smoker was acutely conscious of evolution.

Between Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and the taxi stand at the Nashville station I heard precisely three wisecracks on the subject from persons who before the Scopes trial might conceivably have written in an information test that Darwin was an Australian violinist. They were not particularly good wisecracks. But they were redolent of Pullman horse-play and suggestive of the daily razzing to which, going on four years now, all traveled Tennesseeans have, perhaps rather uncomfortably, submitted.

"Well, here we are in monkey land," said the swarthy drummer who sold evidently cheap jewelry and parlor knick-knacks in a slightly foreign accent.

"Yeah," responded the blue-jowled, poker-faced man in the loud tie, "park your ancestors outside."

An hour later, the lanky coal-black Negro carrying my bag and those of a high-powered sales magnate of the paper industry up the station stairs turned out to possess the huge flapping feet and footgear of minstrel-comedy colored persons.

"Huh!" sniffed the magnate through expensive cigar smoke. "The Scopes defense should have used that guy as Exhibit A. Put boys like that in the trees, and they hang on by their toes."

To understand what has happened to the anti-evolution law it is necessary to realize that, except in the more remote villages and on the farms, the average Tennesseean is exposed to this form of raillery every few days. It may or may not be offered to him directly. But it crops up in press comments; he overhears it on the streets, in hotel lobbies, even among his own intimates. In the long run, it embarrasses his poise far more than the remark of a British bishop, that Church of England Fundamentalism could not drive him to Rome or Tennessee, has embarrassed his Protestantism. It whittles away his pride far more effectively than Mr. Darrow's philippics against his intolerance, which tended strongly to suggest that intolerance on his native heath was a Tennesseean's own business.

For while the American's typical reaction to serious criticism, justifiable or otherwise, is a stiffening of the backbone, his reaction to a stock joke on himself, given time, is usually to begin cracking the joke on his own account. Seeing ourselves as others see us and laughing at the spectacle, besides being a healthy exercise even when not quite genuine, makes us seem such genially broad-minded and shrewd fellows, and a book may some day be written on how our horror of humor at our personal expense has made us a nation of humorists.

This aversion, at any rate, seems to a considerable extent to have affected Tennessee's attitude toward the law which less than four years ago was hailed as the fine flower of its serious orthodoxy. Not only are the more sophisticated and traveled Tennesseeans of the cities quite as shrewd and forward in poking fun at it as are their visitors from less theocratic States. The Fundamentalists themselves tend more and more to speak of the "monkey law" as though on their part it were a rather mischievous and humorous achievement.

Nor is this solely an impression that comes of meeting a few dozen Tennesseeans socially. Already things have even gone so far that the present Governor of Tennessee, nominally since Dayton a believer in Genesis *ex officio*, has been able to treat the famous act a bit merrily at a public meeting in Nashville. Tennessee, he frankly admitted, had received a world-wide unpleasant notoriety from the anti-evolution experiment. Therefore he genially urged his fellow-citizens to prove to the world that the State is still considerably more interested in where it is going than in where its inhabitants came from.

Doubtless even so faint a whimsy would have been impossible to the late Governor Peay. After signing the anti-evolution bill as a means of log-rolling his pet school and highway appropriations through the Legislature, this lamented statesman was required during the rest of his life to handle it with the serious reverence due to a critical act in one's personal political career. But if the immediately succeeding administration feels free to refer to it with mild verbal flippancy, it seems plausible that future administrations may come to regard it as lightly as New Jersey Governors regard the State's eighteenth-century blue laws.

Also, it is worthy of note that Governor Horton's note of apology was sounded shortly after a member of the State Supreme Court, in welcoming the American Association for the Advancement of Science to its Nashville Convention last winter, had almost farcically deprecated the act by inviting the scientists, since the police were looking the other way and the courts were not open to charges, to let their evolution discussions go the limit. Although the address was broadcast in State-wide gossip as a fine turn of Tennessee wit, and although

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Wide World

Main Street, Dayton, Tennessee—battlefield of the Scopes trial

wit at the expense of the monkey law was political heresy as late as 1926, not even the Fundamentalists took the incident seriously enough to organize a protest.

IN this atmosphere, the destiny of the law as an enforceable instrument of public policy seems fairly obvious. Not to mention that the Scopes case was nolle prossed before it could reach the Federal courts, it would require far less sense of humor than any normal Tennesseean possesses on the subject today to institute another prosecution under it. Where anti-evolution feeling is effective today, it has effect, not through the law, but through the same force which made it effective long before the law was ever heard of—public sentiment. In the districts and towns where school boards still pick teachers after carefully scrutinizing their church affiliations and searching them, figuratively speaking, for flapper beliefs and emancipated mannerisms anti-evolution wins. But it always did, and in such localities it wins today just as decisively, North or South, law or no law, outside of Tennessee. Elsewhere, as in State University and city high school science classes, where good advice is given about outside reading and strangely heterodox "theories" are taught under the name of "development," nobody cares.

This is to say, Tennessee's monkey law seems already well on the way toward placing itself beside Sabbatarian amusement legislation and other legal counsels of perfection one could mention, in the living graveyard provided for American statutes of good intentions. Passed as a last resort to check a fancied abuse which was already getting beyond the once wholly effective control of public sentiment, it subsides into a gesture already recognized even by its authors as slightly ludicrous and largely useless. It may never be repealed, since the effort to do so could so easily be represented to the Fundamentalist pulpit and the powerful church bloc in State politics as an attack on the faith and the destruction of a pious resolution. But as a pious resolution, and little more, it begins already to molder on the law books; of no more effect, in Tennessee localities emancipated from sectarian dogma, than if, instead of a minor criminal statute, the Legislature had written: "We wish you wouldn't."

MEANWHILE, the avalanche of world-wide criticism pouring in upon the law has had the curious paradoxical effect of stirring up the Tennesseeans to put the liberal foot foremost in everything else. It must have been scores of times, during my few days in the State, that I was informed that there was no population in the Union more tolerant of differences of opinion and conduct, barring only theology.

The Ku Klux Klan, Tennesseeans told me proudly, had been a failure in State politics. Catholics and Protestants dwell side by side in urbanely mutual understanding. The races get along together better, the State has fewer lynchings and permits more Negro voting than any other Southern commonwealth. Memphis enjoys an almost Continental Sabbath which slowly encroaches upon Nashville, but without the country communities storming at the metropolitan vices even with sermons.

When T. H. Alexander, the competent author of a signed editorial column in the Nashville "Tennessean," syndicated in other Southeastern States, wrote an article on "The Four Horsemen of Southern Backwardness," mentioning the Fundamentalist clergy, the one-crop cotton bankers, timid newspaper publishers, and timid politicians, the Atlanta "Constitution" might throw out his subsequent contributions as dangerous. But Nashville, it boasts to its credit, bristled with letters of approbation. Among still more confirmed liberals it was even declared to me as a justification—I do not know how veraciously—that Tennessee State officials are hardly any more enthusiastic about enforcing prohibition than their New York equivalents.

At Vanderbilt University I was assured on the highest professorial authority that a student taking the Bryan position in defense of the evolution law would be regarded—and perhaps gently hazed—as a campus eccentric. And one seldom associates for more than fifteen minutes with liberal Tennesseeans without their quoting the Vanderbilt Chancellor's remark that the University's answer to Dayton was $1,000,000 worth of new science laboratories.

At Vanderbilt, too, I found Tennessee's new and somewhat nervous spirit of tolerance so far developed that at least one Faculty member was ready to defend the evolution law as a symptom, while loathing it as a principle. "What you outsiders and cosmopolites don't understand," he said, "is that this was, apart from the conscious political ballyhoo of some of the leaders, the South's sincere effort to preserve a precious and wholesome provincialism. It may have been a misguided effort, and I believe it was.

"But try to understand this as our rather incoherent way of resisting the great wave of American standardization rushing in on us from everywhere; of trying to keep Nashville and Dayton different from Los Angeles and Grand Rapids and—yes, Columbia University."

I granted him that if the monkey law went on increasing its appeal to the Tennessee sense of humor this might be fair enough.

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News Fakers

By EDWARD McKERNON

When The Outlook asked Mr. McKernon to write this article he was Eastern superintendent of the Associated Press. He has since become publisher of the Rochester "Journal and Post Express," a Hearst paper.

I NEVER knew just how it happened, but suddenly I found myself in a publicity mill. Wonderful institution! I received the impression of raw materials in the form of human greed and selfish ambitions, consciously naked, climbing up the fire-escape; here to acquire the habiliments of journalistic respectability, and strut out the front door as honest-to-goodness "news" for the information and *divertissement* of a supposedly credulous public.

What I do recall is that I had accompanied a friend from up State on a shopping tour that led us into one of the downtown office buildings of New York. I paid no attention to the shop talk until the name of the news organization with which I am connected fell on my ears.

"What!" my friend exclaimed, turning to me. "The Associated Press?" I nudged him, and the cheerful liar whom he had interrupted continued:

"Oh, yes, indeed. We use all the leading dailies for the publication of our advertising news service. Why, only yesterday we sent out over the entire telegraphic system of the Associated Press a corking story on a new line of goods soon to be put on the market by one of our biggest clients."

"Interesting," commented the up-Stater, doubtfully.

"Very," I echoed softly, "and untrue."

On the street again, my companion, quite stirred up, asked:

"Do you mean to tell me that all that mouthy individual told us about using the wires of the Associated Press for distributing advertising matter was pure bunk?"

"Absolutely," I replied. "There was not a story carried out of New York yesterday by the Associated Press that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be associated with the product he described."

"But how do they get away with it? Certainly big business concerns are not going to put up their money unless they see results?"

"Here is one way it is done," I told him. "They diligently read the newspapers and spot any story that may seem to have a favorable bearing on the interests of a client. Such a story is shown to the client with the representation that the publication was brought about through the agent's influence with the press. Of course, the client may have difficulty in grasping the concrete value to him of a particular story, in which case it is explained that his impression only goes to show with what subtlety the publicity man has put over the thought that he wished to plant in the subconsciousness of the reader."

That was some time ago, and methods may have been improved, but there is still abundant evidence of a good market for sharpers pretending that space in the news columns of the reputable press can be purchased.

A GENTLEMAN who sells his services as a "publicity adviser" came to me with a brief typewritten statement by the president of a large business organization against whom a complaint was to be made by a rival concern before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The statement was offered for use as a "follow" explanatory of the defendant's case if and when we carried from Washington a story reporting that the complaint had been filed. Of course we wanted the statement, and if it had not come to us we would have gone after it as a matter of routine. We would have been glad to have had it over the telephone from the lips of the president himself or, if necessary, to have allowed a reporter to cool his heels at the big man's door until he was ready to have his say.

But I knew why the "publicity adviser" had called, and I could not resist the temptation to say:

"I suppose it was worth one hundred dollars to you to walk around to our office today?"

He grinned and replied: "One hundred dollars? Not less than a hundred and fifty."

We are all familiar with the stage rube who once came to town to buy a gold brick and the unwary stranger who by repute is bound to lose his shirt to the "sharks of Wall Street;" but after an observation of twenty-five years from the vantage-ground of the Associated Press I have come to the conclusion that there are more suckers between the Harlem River and the Battery than in all the acreage not so embraced.

Of course, the machinations of the publicity crook are facilitated by the inherent crookedness of his employer. The philanderer and courtesan are skeptical of any claim to virtue. The business man or propagandist who is willing to enter into a conspiracy to steal space in the news columns of the daily press, with the double purpose of getting "free advertising" and of influencing the reader unconsciously, is rather easily persuaded that reporters and editors are venal and prepared to betray their publishers for a consideration.

But this phase of the publicity business is amusing rather than important. We need waste no sympathy on the one who would bunco and is himself buncoed; nor concern ourselves seriously with the fellow who preys upon those so gullible as to believe that they can purchase "influence" with the press. Neither has any effect on the character of the newspapers.

The publicity crook who is dangerous is the one who occasionally does something for the money he receives. For the purposes of the moment we may designate him as the "news faker." It is his business to create artificial situations in the hope that they will be mistaken by the newspapers for matters of legitimate interest, and so permit him to foist on the public advertisements or publicity for his clients in the guise of "news." Nine times out of ten his effort is a "flop," but occasionally he puts over something, and to the extent that he is successful journalism is debased and the public misled. We have become so accustomed to the ballyhoo of public entertainers that I suppose even the morons accept any new "stunt" with the mental reservations of which they may be capable.

The sinister thing about it is that recently, through the allurements of the news faker, some men, business houses, and other organizations of standing and supposed integrity have been intrigued into publicity methods that are a menace to society. The operations of the news faker already are a scandal and threaten

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unless checked by exposure, to weaken public confidence in the integrity of the news columns, and so detract from a hard-earned prestige which has been the crowning achievement of modern journalism.

But lest I leave a lasting impression unfavorable to a host of honest publicity men and women, I shall digress long enough to make the distinction clear.

For the honest publicity representative who works in the open I have the greatest respect. Many such have done the newspapers an inestimable service by facilitating the work of reporters, and they have served both the papers and the reading public by making possible better, more intelligent, and more nearly accurate reports of the activities of the institutions they represent. They have brought to the press a technical knowledge that newspaper men could not be expected to possess, and through their co-operation have made it easier for reporters and editors to determine the news value and the "carrying power" of stories dealing with a thousand and one widely differing subjects.

In the offices of the Associated Press every well-known publicity representative has a rating. By their works we know them. There are those with whom we would not waste five minutes, because we know them as parasites. There are many whom we welcome, because we know that they come in the name of news, the only honest approach to our news report.

I am inclined to think that the most effective publicity work is being done just now by the churches and welfare organizations. There are two outstanding factors that contribute to their success. One is that very generally they have accepted our code. This is, that it is our responsibility to reflect society as it is. Not as we might like it to be, but, for good or evil, as it is. To report without bias the hard-boiled facts of such events as are significant of the times, unaccompanied by any suggestion of the conclusions to be drawn by the reader. Our only question regarding any proffered contribution is, "Is it significant news?" If so, we will carry it. Otherwise, we will not.

Incidentally, I set it down as a broad general principle that it is just as wrong morally to invade the strictly news columns with propaganda for a good cause as it is to invade them with propaganda of evil intent. Either invasion falsifies the picture due to the one who pays two or three cents for a newspaper and has a right to expect that what he finds in the strictly news columns will have been influenced by no consideration other than the obligation of the editor to give him the significant news of the day presented with a proper sense of proportion.

The other advantage of church and welfare agents is to be found, I think, in the fact that their financial resources are limited. They cannot afford to waste time, space, or postage. Their enforced habit of economy causes them carefully to consider their proposed output and to get it down to a strictly news basis and in such form that it will appeal to busy editors. The economic waste in the publicity business as a whole is appalling. Recently the American Newspaper Publishers Association canvassed several hundred newspapers to determine the average amount of press-agent matter received by daily newspapers through the mails. The conclusion was that each paper received an average of five pounds of copy weekly, the postage on which totaled $200 annually. I accept no responsibility for the figures, but they appear reasonable. There are 2,388 daily newspapers in the country, and, if the suggested estimate holds good, the annual crop of press-agent material addressed to daily papers amounts to 620,880 pounds, or a little more than 310 tons. The yearly postage bill must be $477,600. This does not take into account similar matter sent to weekly and monthly magazines nor the salaries of those who prepared it, rent, and other office expenses.

But to return to the news faker, whose habitat ought to be a State or Federal prison, wherever more room is available. It may come to that.

Of the many experienced, I select three recent instances of news faking to illustrate as many phases of the insidious business.

Frequently the object of the news faker is to keep the name of his employer before the public on the sound theory that notoriety often attracts patronage. Not long ago many papers were deceived into publishing that a girl dancer had attempted to drown herself in Central Park lake. On her person was found a photograph of a public entertainer, mute evidence that it was a case of unrequited love. Of course she was "rescued," but the police were roped in and the dancer hurried to a hospital, where she received medical attention from, it is said, her own physician. The affair was duly recorded on the records of a police station, and from these official records the newspaper reporters obtained the "story." After the public entertainer had received a lot of publicity, it leaked out, according to "Editor and Publisher," that the "story" had been planted by his press agent. There had been no communication with the city editors; apparently the stage had been set to fool the police, and, this accomplished, the "story" was permitted to develop itself.

To the thoughtless this may appear as only a good joke on the police and the press, but, rightly viewed, there is nothing funny about it. The police can keep fairly busy securing the safety of those who must daily thread their way amid the perils of street traffic, and there are still at large a goodly number of cutthroats and robbers whom law-abiding citizens would like to have put away. The hospitals are hard put to it to accommodate the daily toll of sick and injured clamoring for attention. The medical profession could be better engaged ministering to legitimate patients. But did any one ever know of a news faker being punished because he had conspired to distract public servants and public institutions from their grave responsibilities? I never did.

Sometimes the purpose of the news faker is to satisfy a racial or religious grudge or to exercise a mistaken sense of political duty. A titled English lady narrowly escaped unpleasant publicity because of our practice of checking so-called patriotic societies. Many such societies are one hundred per cent American. Others are one hundred per cent bunk. Soon after the Englishwoman arrived in this country we received a neatly typewritten letter from one who signed himself as president of the patriotic organization whose name along with an imposing list of officers and trustees appeared on the printed letterhead. Inclosed was a copy of a letter addressed by the society to the Secretary of Labor at Washington, making charges against the titled one and demanding that she be deported forthwith.

The matter looked interesting, and in the course of things we would have inquired of our Washington office what should be done about it. But first we wanted to know more about this patriotic society, the name of which was not familiar. The city directories and telephone books revealed nothing. That wasn't so good. So we sent a reporter to the address given on the letterhead.

It proved to be that of a furniture store, above which were tenements. There was no office. When he inquired

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The World This Week

Hagen, the Undaunted

If there are any extra prizes for the fighting men of sport, of whatever branch, there must certainly be one for Walter Hagen. The comeback of this great American professional in England which enabled him to win for the third time the British Open championship is practically without parallel in this most uncertain of all sports. Defeated by the worst margin he had ever experienced a few days before the start of the Open, Hagen came back to defeat his conqueror of that match, the towering Archie Compston, of Great Britain, and his countryman, the smiling, swarthy-faced Gene Sarazen.

There will be, now, comparisons of Hagen, the king of the professionals, and Bobby Jones, the king of the amateurs. Of the two, Hagen always gives the impression of being perhaps the better fighter. Jones is mechanically perfect, beautifully so. But in his matches Jones seems always to be competing with par. Hagen gives far more the idea of playing the man. Comparisons, however, are not necessary. Certainly there is room enough at the top for both of these superb golfers.

In the British Open Hagen started poorly, for golfers of that class. He can get into more trouble than any other golfer alive and survive. There is the secret of his great success—his indomitable will in the face of difficult situations. There is always drama on tap when the sleek-haired Hagen goes around a course in a championship. After his poor start, Hagen set sail for the leaders and passed them. Sarazen, who had played a much better game at the start but was unable to meet the last gallant burst of Hagen, followed Hagen by two strokes; Compston was in third place with one stroke more.

Hagen's other victories in the British Open were scored in 1922 and 1924. The British have won this title of theirs only twice since the tournament was revived at the close of the war—once in 1920 and the last time in 1923. Bobby Jones had won during the past two years.

Hoover and the Laconic Mellon

A few words from Secretary Andrew W. Mellon have proved to be political news of the first order and have given a great impetus to the candidacy of Herbert Hoover. Indeed, these few words from the Secretary of the Treasury, who is also a great power in the Republican organization of Pennsylvania, have done more than offset Mr. Hoover's defeat in the Republican primaries of Indiana. These are the words with which Mr. Mellon produced his sensation: "We hear much talk of the various candidates and of their policies. Among them all, Mr. Hoover seems to come the closest to the standard that we set for this great office."

Pennsylvania's seventy-nine delegates to the Republican National Convention constitute a great prize for any candidate. Though Mr. Mellon's words do not commit these delegates to Mr. Hoover, they make as certain as anything political can be that the Pennsylvania delegation, and behind it the Pennsylvania organization, will be firmly aboard the Hoover band-wagon when the time comes for the Hoover band-wagon to appear. No longer is the Pennsylvania Republican machine controlled by the hand of a single astute engineer, as it was in the days of Matthew Quay and the earlier part of the career of Boies Penrose. The eastern and western ends of the State have been at odds with each other. Apparently both ends of the organization have acquired respect for popular sentiment. It is no reflection upon Mr. Mellon's sincerity to say that his tribute to Mr. Hoover is an acknowledgment of the direction in which public sentiment has been moving in that State.

Among certain political prophets Secretary Mellon has been considered anti-Hoover. His utterance now at a caucus of Pennsylvania Republicans in Philadelphia, the bailiwick of William S. Vare, makes it clear that he can be counted as anti-Hoover no longer.

Though Mr. Mellon's statement was accompanied by a recommendation that the Republicans of Pennsylvania hold themselves "unpledged and uncommitted to any particular candidate," and though he is reported to have said in an interview that "it is not certain that Mr. Coolidge will not consent to the use of his name," his words give one more indication that the full strength of the Administration has been getting behind Mr. Hoover.

"Peaches-and-Cream" Criminals

Dr. Walter Timme, of the Neurological Institute of New York, after researches which have lasted for seventeen years, points to the danger of believing that criminals are invariably low-browed, furtive, repulsive-appearing characters. Prominent among those naturally inclined toward criminality, he has found, is "a certain type of blond, curly-haired giant with a peaches-and-cream complexion."

Out of twenty-five men serving life terms in a New York State prison, Dr. Timme found, twenty-four were abnormal from a glandular standpoint. The dangerous "curly-haired giant" has an over-active thymus gland. This prolongs childish characteristics and gives, at the same time, the "peaches-and-cream complexion." Dr. Timme describes this type as having a "Rolls-Royce body with an inadequate engine." Unable to compete with his fellows, he is likely to turn toward crime.

The thyroid, the pituitary, and the thymus glands are chiefly involved in the defects of criminal types. Glandular trouble often produces, contradictory as

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it may appear, men in which a high intellectual standard is nullified by moronic tendencies. Dr. Timme has examined so many criminals that he now can detect tendencies at a glance. These are not, however, as obvious as the lay public believes. He has examined persons, later convicted of crime, who were "attractive and with whom one feels he could trust his life."

Mrs. Knapp Still Under Charges

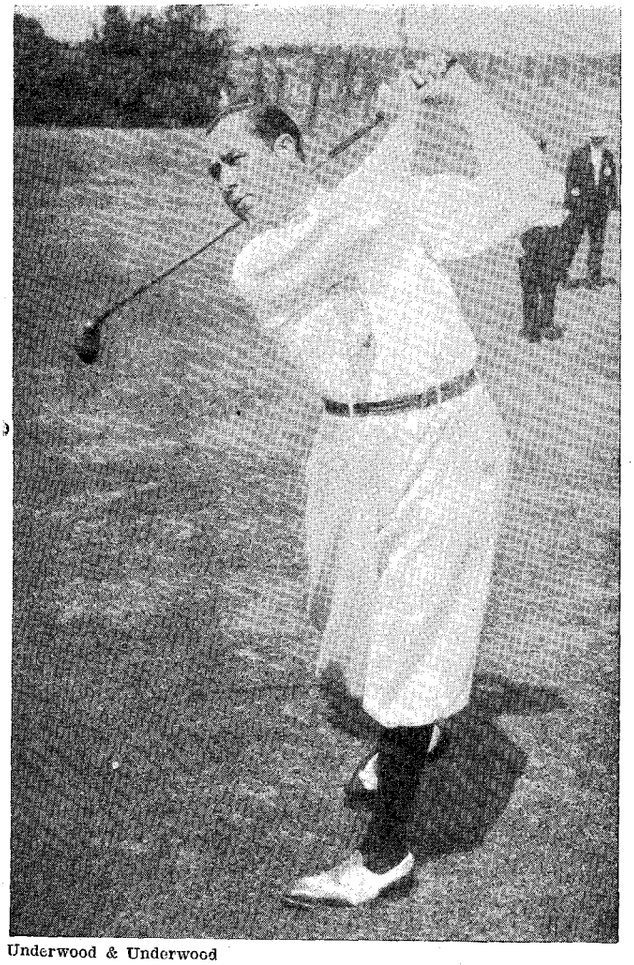
DISAGREEMENT in a jury has left Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, former Secretary of State of New York, still under the accusation of grand larceny and subject to a new trial. She was the first woman to be elected to high executive office in any State east of the Mississippi. After getting a report in her favor from a Democratic District Attorney, Governor Smith was reluctant to press the charges against this former Republican official, not of his political faith. Public opinion, however, forced the case into the court.

In the trial the chief witness against her was her stepdaughter. Testimony made it clear that Mrs. Knapp had made a practice of signing other people's names to checks and vouchers. It was undenied that Mrs. Knapp had used money paid for the alleged services of others for her relatives or herself. Mrs. Knapp's defense was that the work was actually done by those who were paid and that the cashing of checks was authorized.

As the judge's charge indicates, the jury's task was largely that of deciding as to the credibility of the witnesses.

"Women," said Judge Callaghan, charging the jury, "have in recent years taken their place alongside men in almost every field of endeavor. . . . They cannot share the privileges extended to them and be relieved of the responsibilities." He thus made clear that no special consideration should be given to the fact that the defendant was a woman. "Larceny from the State," he said, "is just the same as larceny from the individual." And he told the jurors that there was no ground for condoning so-called "honest graft."

One of the jurors who voted for acquittal was quoted as saying in a published interview that if the District Attorney, whose work as prosecutor he knew as a grand juror for ten years, had found the proof insufficient, he himself could not vote for conviction. On the charge that he was swayed by other considerations than the evidence, as well as that he had concealed his bias, this juror was cited for contempt and censured.



Underwood & Underwood

WALTER HAGEN

for the third time winner of the British Open championship

Mr. Rockefeller Grows Indignant

BECAUSE he has "lost confidence in Colonel Stewart's leadership," Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has called for the resignation of Colonel Robert W. Stewart as chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Mr. Rockefeller, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the members of the family own about 15 per cent of the outstanding stock of the company. Mr. Rockefeller speaks officially as a stockholder.

In a letter Mr. Rockefeller refers to Colonel Stewart's "recent testimony before the Senate committee" investigating the connection of the Continental Trading Company with the Teapot Dome oil scandal. This testimony has been given on two occasions, the first on February 2 of this year and the second on April 24. It was three days after the latter appearance of Colonel Stewart that Mr. Rockefeller demanded his resignation.

On February 2 Stewart swore that he knew little, personally, about the Continental bonds and that he had never received any of them. But on April 24, after Harry F. Sinclair had been found guiltless by a Washington jury, Stewart said that $759,500 in Continental profits had been allotted to him in the shape of Liberty Bonds. These he placed in trust for the Standard Oil of Indiana and the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company.

It all sounds very much like the recent testimony of Will H. Hays. And Mr. Rockefeller is being congratulated for asking Stewart's resignation. It appears doubtful, however, that this will be forthcoming immediately. Stewart became furiously angry when reporters attempted to question him and is said to have appealed to his friends for support.

Flying in Rocket Airplanes

THROUGH the newspapers we have heard a great deal of late about an attempt that is to be made in Germany to explore the upper atmosphere, and possibly to penetrate even beyond it, by means of a rocket airplane. Just how much, if any, of the pseudo-scientific nonsense of the cabled despatches has been injected by the reporters themselves it is difficult to say; but the rocket principle for propulsion has much intrinsic merit.

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Wide World

SOMETHING NEW IN TRANSPORTATION

for Henry Ford, at least, who recently looked over an old New York horse car with a view to purchasing it for his museum

Whether the fuel gases employed to drive a vehicle are expanded in a cylinder to drive a piston, as in the ordinary internal-combustion motor, or in another kind of cylinder or rocket to react merely against the air or even against the vehicle itself according to the Second Law of Newton (action and reaction opposite and equal), is intrinsically immaterial. Rockets of sufficient energy and speed will most certainly climb, and the height to which they will climb depends directly upon the energy made available. Professor Goddard, the physicist, of Clark University, has long been performing research on super-rockets designed to reach high altitudes and permit meteorologists to explore the atmosphere above the height—some twenty miles—to which their actual explorations have already reached. Such rockets would doubtless discharge the products of the combustion of monatomic hydrogen.

When and if the earth's envelope of air is passed, they will actually speed up by about one-fifth. Laboratory experiment has proved this fact beyond a doubt, for Professor Goddard's rockets when fired in a vacuum actually strained upward with more pressure than in the open air. This silenced summarily those who could not shake off the belief that a rocket can move only by pushing backward against some outside medium. If the Germans, behind the confusing screen of the foreign newspaper reporter, are making use of the facts about rockets already known to scientists, there is no intrinsic reason why their rocket plane cannot reach as yet unattained heights.

Mr. Ford Views Aviation and the Presidential Year

HENRY FORD, as he arrived in New York Harbor on his return from Europe, was persuaded to make some remarks on prosperity in this Presidential year and on aviation.

"The Presidential election has nothing to do with industrial prosperity," said Mr. Ford, according to the New York "Times," thus assailing a cherished tenet in the American political creed. And he continued: "Business will keep on being good through the summer and fall without any regard to the outcome."

When asked about aviation, Mr. Ford's face lightened. "Some day," he predicted, "there is going to be a machine that will equal the imagination of man. Whenever a man imagines a thing, he can sooner or later produce it. That's what I think. It will be an airplane that won't have to go ninety miles an hour to rise or the same to land. It will settle down quietly in a small space and it won't be dangerous. It will come but, of course, there will have to be lot of changes. We may not be near th idea yet; but it will come." He quote Thomas Edison as saying that a bir flies well because it is ninety-five pe cent bird, while a man flying is ninety five per cent man. But he added, "It may well be that the airplane of the fu ture will not develop along the lines of bird."

It was to his son Edsel, however, tha he referred his questioners when the made inquiries about specific aviatic matters, as, for example, whether Col nel Lindbergh would be connected wit his factory in making airplanes.

To a fellow-passenger he said tha 2,600 former convicts are in his emplo and that ninety-five per cent of the when given employment went straight.

Brazil Stays Out of the League

WHEN Brazil failed to obtain a perma nent seat on the Council of the Leagu of Nations in 1926, she announced he intention to withdraw. Recently an ap peal by the League to Brazil not to in sist upon her resignation has found he unwilling to change her stand. Spain after quitting Geneva at the same tim for the same reason, has accepted th invitation to return, but the great Sout American republic finds no reason fo changing her mind.

The Brazilian Government offers i collaboration in the League's human tarian endeavors, in the World Cour and in international conferences. Th assent of the Council would establish precedent in favor of allowing resigne members to continue to take part some of the activities under Leagu auspices.

In Geneva, Brazil's response is inte preted as leaving the way open to rene membership. But her present persi tence in declining to stay in the Leagu makes a significant break in the ranks its Latin-American adherents.

A Silly Poet Is Paroled

THE foolishness of David Gordon, wh landed in jail because he wrote a secon rate poem, was equaled only by the p triots who wished to have him kept jail for the full period of an indeterm nate sentence which might have run three years. Now that he has been r leased on parole, his poem, "America held under the New York State law be obscene, will be forgotten. And Go don will have opportunity to acquire degree of maturity.

Gordon's type is familiar enoug

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Really named Goronegsky, he attended one of the huge high schools in New York. Poor, far more ignorant than he believed himself, he was oppressed by the turbulent wealth of the city and was roused to violent protest. His protest took the form of a poem in which there were several vulgar, possibly offensive lines. It was published in the "Daily Worker," a radical journal, and his arrest followed.

He was tried in Special Sessions Court and sentenced to an indeterminate term before any one was well aware what had happened. Then it was discovered that he had won a scholarship at Wisconsin University and that he had even entered college while his case was on appeal. The sentence seemed far too severe and agitation was begun. This ended in a parole, and now Gordon is free again. He has learned, at least, that a minority will fight for liberalism in the land he has railed against.

In granting a parole to the misguided, but hardly dangerous, poet the New York authorities seem to have acted with wisdom unusual in such bodies. He had been "guilty of writing a very bad and vulgar piece of poetry," but additional punishment would merely add to his "exaggerated self-esteem." He served, in all, thirty-five days.

The Indiana Primaries

THE defeat of Mr. Hoover in both the preferential vote and vote for delegates in Indiana was by no means unexpected; but to his political friends it was nevertheless a disappointment. The thirty-three Convention votes from Indiana were gathered in by what has been generally regarded as the anti-Hoover coalition. The votes were nominally for Senator James Watson. That Senator Watson himself can be the nominee of the Republican Convention is inconceivable. As a power in Indiana Republican politics he has survived bitter fights and even more damaging scandals in the organization; but as a National figure he has never risen above the stage of party manager and dispenser of patronage. The result in Indiana is not so much a triumph for any one candidate as a sign of the strength that can be used by a political organization when it is directed against a candidate.

Indiana's recent political history has been soiled by the corruption of Republican office-holders. There was hope that the outraged citizenry would follow the example of that in Illinois and revolt against the party management. So far as there was a revolt it seems to have been confined to cities and towns. The rural population, being apparently willing to exonerate Senator Watson himself from responsibility from the scandals, seems to have been too deeply engaged in the agricultural revolt and too easily swayed by the stock arguments against Mr. Hoover to call for reform.

Indiana, therefore, if we may judge by the vote in the primaries, seems ready to let the record stand of being corrupt and contented. The loss in the primaries, particularly in view of the situation in Pennsylvania, is not so much Mr. Hoover's as Indiana's.

Acme

THE BREMEN FLIERS IN PHILADELPHIA

Captain Koehl, Major Fitzmaurice, Baron von Huenefeld, and Mayor Mackey, of Philadelphia, at the statue of Admiral Barry, in front of Independence Hall

Police Brutality

THE majority of people believe, no doubt, that police brutality is a thing of the past. Somehow it is rarely emphasized in newspaper stories. The average citizen, reading of the "third degree," interprets this to mean merely prolonged questioning. It does not occur to him that prisoners are still beaten with rubber-hose bludgeons, their faces disfigured by the fists of burly detectives. The horrors of "the back room" at the precinct station-house rarely come to light.

But now three former United States attorneys and three former district attorneys of New York County, members of a committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, have called for an investigation into the use of force by the police in obtaining confessions. Defendants in criminal trials frequently retract confessions offered by the police and claim they were beaten into making them. The Bar Association's committee states, out of its intimate experience, that "many of the accusations are well founded." A resolution was adopted calling for an inquiry by the State Crime Commission.

Needless to say, it is always the poor prisoner who is clubbed into confessing crimes he has not committed. The wealthy man is protected by attorneys. It is significant, in view of the Bar Association's action, to recall a recent decision by the Court of Appeals. Robert Weiner, a fish peddler, had been convicted in New York State of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die in the electric chair. He spent months in the Sing Sing death house. But the

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highest State court has held that his confession, a vital part of the prosecution's case, had been wrung from him by a police beating. His conviction was reversed and he is not to be tried again.

Cleaner Candy Factories

THE New York Consumers' League, it will be recalled, went to the city health authorities several weeks ago to complain against unsanitary conditions in the candy factories. They had conducted an investigation, and the facts they had gathered resulted in the closing of several plants. Obviously, candy manufactured in dirty factories was a health menace. Only three among twenty-five inspected were rated by the League as "clean."

Naturally, all this did the industry as a whole no good, and a number of manufacturers agreed to co-operate with the Consumers' League in the maintenance of a "white list." During the past six weeks fifty-seven of the two hundred candy manufacturers in New York have applied for this rating. They have agreed to pay a minimum wage of $14 a week, to require medical inspection for their employees, and to keep their plants in a decent and orderly condition.

The names of the fifty-seven have been published by the League, and any consumer may learn, upon application, which of the factories have agreed to live up to the standards prescribed.

A Martyr to Yellow Fever

To the names of those who have died in the fight against yellow fever should now be added that of Dr. Adrian Stokes. He did not, to be sure, purposely incur the disease in order to demonstrate its source, as did Americans in Cuba, but none the less he died from yellow fever contracted in the cause of science.

Dr. Stokes was working with the Rockefeller Yellow Fever Commission on the west coast of Africa. Their report says: "He plunged into research eagerly, going long distances to find severe cases of fever, gathering deadly virus, inoculating agile and vicious monkeys, putting them into cages to be bitten by mosquitoes, confining these infected insects." He was attacked by the yellow fever, knew it, "thought first of his research," insisted that mosquitoes be allowed to bite him, died courageously. The report adds: "It is even possible that by losing his life he made a vital contribution to the solution of the problem on which he was at work." Rightly, the account is headed "A Soldier of Science Falls on the Field."

But the fight goes on. Recently has come the news report that Dr. Noguchi, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has discovered the source of the variety of yellow fever that exists on the west coast, and that this resulted indirectly from his own illness from the fever (the first case he had to observe) and the inoculation of a monkey with some of his own infected blood.

The Combat Between Science and Disease

IT is often said that yellow fever has been exterminated. Not completely; there is still a running fight against it. For over ten years the Rockefeller Foundation has carried on the war in West Africa, in Nigeria, and in Brazil. The species of mosquito through which the infection is carried is most abundant in hot countries; but from such tropical centers there is always danger of its spreading outward.

Halladay in the Providence Journal

The winning hand

Even more baffling is the infection of malaria, also mosquito-borne, and for ten years or more the Rockefeller Foundation has had field men working on this problem in Argentina, Venezuela, Italy, and elsewhere. The success of the anti-hookworm campaign in our Southern States likewise does not mean that it has been driven off the face of the earth. Control stations exist and have aid from the Foundation in Central and South America, India, Spain, and elsewhere.

The combat between science and disease is not local but world-wide, and it requires ceaseless vigilance.

The Lid in Chicago

As an aftermath of Mayor Thompson's personal and political defeat in the recent Chicago primary, Police Commissioner Michael Hughes has announced that the Police Department of Big Bill Thompson's city will clamp down the lid and keep it on tightly. The war-worn citizens of Chicago can easily be forgiven if they skeptically murmur, "How tight and how long?" The views of the suspicious ones is supported by the logic of past experience, endlessly repeated, and by definite knowledge of what certain powerful politicians want in the way of law enforcement or the lack of it. Whether politicians sense anything of the depths of the revulsion that swept the Thompson candidates aside at the primary, observers cannot say.

Direct information sent at our request from Chicago indicates that the quietus has been put on open gambling and slot machines, and that open vice and saloons operating as soft-drink parlors have been made to conduct their business with more circumspection. We have had no word that any progress has been made or attempted in the direction of suppressing the "racketeers"—men who blackmail contributions from business men and householders under threat of maiming and killing.

The "racketeers" of Chicago have produced a situation which in the early days of the West was met by the organization of Vigilantes. When the legal authorities of a community ally themselves with the outlaws, desperate remedies are sometimes needed.

But there will be a new State's Attorney in charge of the prosecutor's office and of the Grand Jury this coming fall. Perhaps he can forestall the final chapter in the breakdown of constituted authority.

After Death—What?

IN England an endless controversy was stimulated when Sir Arthur Keith declared that medical men could find no ground for believing that the brain is a dual organ, a compound of substance and spirit. Sir Arthur is President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and his statement brought a prompt retort from Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist and spiritualist.

Said Sir Oliver: "I think the brain is an instrument used by the mind. They apparently think the brain is the mind. I do not look at it that way. The brain manifests the mind, but that is not the same thing as being the mind. A violin manifests Beethoven, but it is not quite the same thing as being Beethoven. If you smash the instrument, of course, the mind cannot manifest itself. That is all right, and what scientists know about

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the brain and the way it acts on muscle and nerve is all good.

"It is all a part of the machinery, and they know a terrible lot about the working of machinery. But there is something more to be said than that. Anybody can point out how a typewriter works, and you cannot get it to go unless it is properly connected and in good order. But that does not explain the sense or meaning of what comes out of it."

Sir John Sutton, surgeon, then came to the side of Sir Arthur Keith.

"True, absolutely true," he said. "Death is the end of all. My experience is that all of those who have studied the subject scientifically and deeply have come to the same conclusion. Once, reviewing a book of Flammarion's, I wrote:

" 'In the dim future do not seek to peep, trying to fathom things obscure and deep. Youth often laughs at death, but old men weep. Wise men know death to be an endless sleep.'

"Endless sleep—I cannot put it better than that."

So the question stands as before—with two irreconcilable answers.

From Washington

Hoover, Defendant

HERBERT HOOVER, candidate for President, sat on the witness-stand before a committee of five Senators. He seemed to feel that, guilty of nothing, he sat there as defendant. The Committee was judge, jury, prosecutor, and, so far as such a thing existed, defense counsel. The atmosphere was unfortunate.

Members of the Committee, Chairman Steiwer leading and the other four following, asked Mr. Hoover concerning a multitude of small things which may have seemed to him—which might have seemed to any man in his place—irrelevant. A lawyer might have seen that the ground was being laid for testimony which the Committee expected would be offered by other witnesses.

To a lay spectator, the Committee appeared to show deference to Mr. Hoover's position and importance in affairs. Members of the Committee, referring to notes from documents filed with the Committee, asked questions nearly always with explanation, occasionally with something approaching apology. Many of the questions might, perhaps, better not have been asked.

Mr. Hoover appeared from the outset resentful, half angry, injured. Before a popular audience, there is little doubt that his resentment would have found support. But the audience that he had was made up mainly of case-hardened newspaper men who, as one of them expressed it, found "more news in the questions than in the answers."

Kirby in the New York World

" Look, daddy !"

Resentment

MR. HOOVER'S anger smoldered. Only once did it approach a flame. That was when Senator Barkley asked him if he had recommended an increase in the price of chinaware. "Grotesque," said Mr. Hoover. He wondered if the Committee was not "dealing in pretty small things."

Senator Barkley laid down his notes and said, quietly and without show of irritation, that he had tried to avoid service on the Committee, that the complaint to which he had referred had been made to the Committee by responsible persons, that if untrue the fact should be known, that he would continue to ask questions justified by material filed with the Committee.

Mr. Hoover said, "I think you are right, Senator."

"Then," said Senator Barkley, "if it is right, it is not grotesque, and it is not small."

Senator Dale—the only time that he spoke aloud during the examination—said to Mr. Hoover: "Why are you resentful of the efforts of this Committee to do what it was instructed to do? It seems clear that you are resentful." Mr. Hoover replied in a voice not audible at the press table. "I am glad," said Senator Dale, "that you have said that. We should have thought otherwise."

The necessity for such scenes—if it is a necessity—is a most unfortunate thing in our politics.

Mr. Hoover's testimony, in so far as it bore directly upon the matter of campaign expenditures, was that he had himself spent but four or five hundred dollars to promote his candidacy; that, so far as he knew, none of his relatives had contributed anything; that he had made no promises of patronage; that he had nothing which could properly be called a central organization; that, so far as he knew, the money for his campaign had been raised by his friends in the States where it was spent. He furnished the names of persons who could give definite information.

Former Representative James W. Good, a leader in Mr. Hoover's campaign, gave the Committee definite figures as to campaign funds. Expenditures have amounted, he said, to $241,274. The accounting is not quite complete, but Mr. Good did not think that, with everything accounted for, the total to date would reach $250,000.

Halladay in the Providence Journal

Not a soul in sight

Candidates Know Little

WITH the examination of Governor Smith in New York, the Senate Campaign Funds Committee completed the examination of candidates with the exception of Frank O. Lowden and, if he should be deemed a candidate, Vice-President Dawes. The information thus far gained appears to have little significance.

Governor Smith testified that he had spent nothing, done nothing to promote his candidacy, made no commitments, and knew nothing about expenditures in his behalf. His campaign manager in New York testified that collections so far had amounted to $103,000 and expenditures to $92,000.

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The only other candidates in whose behalf the spending of any sum worth mentioning has been revealed are Senators Curtis and Reed. For each of these the reported expenditures have been around $10,000.

If the Committee is to uncover anything in the least sensational, it must find witnesses who know more about the candidates than the candidates know about themselves.

Worse than Fall

"THE moral turpitude of corrupters of public servants is even greater than that of those whom they debauch."

Business must "purge itself of all those who indulge in commercial and political corruption and through resort to unclean or unworthy practices bring business into disrepute and shock the sensibilities of all decent citizens.

"Stockholders cannot accept the profits following from corruption and escape the moral stigma which adheres in such profits, neither can they permit those who act for them to profit personally through corrupt corporate transaction or to shield others who do."

So, by resolution, declared the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at its recent meeting here. Repudiation of those business men who corrupt or defy the Government which protects them was the note which ran through all of the proceedings. It was sounded at the opening meeting by Judge Edwin B. Parker, Chairman of the Board of Directors, and culminated in resolutions adopted at the last meeting.

The Chamber asserted that the practices which it condemned have been engaged in, but did not give any names. There may have been little difficulty in reading between the lines the name of Sinclair, but the inclusion or exclusion of other names was, perhaps, a task beyond the ability of the Chamber. It was coincidence that just when the Chamber was making this denunciation there was made public the demand of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the resignation of Colonel R. W. Stewart as Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Compromise

THREE bills on which vetoes have appeared likely at one time or another will probably be before the President as this issue of The Outlook comes to its readers, and there is good ground for hope that the veto has been avoided on all but one—the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill. As to the other two—the Mississippi River Flood Relief Bill and the Shipping Board Replacement Bill—the rather quiet but none the less firm pressure of the President brought about important changes after they seemed impossible. Though neither bill is now wholly pleasing to either Congress or the President, they are very likely better bills than they would have been had all of the wishes of either party been met. Thus it comes about that, in government, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

The McNary-Haugen Bill is probably hopeless—and that for the reason that there was not the good will in adjustment that marked the compromise efforts on the other two bills.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

THE AMERICAN PLAN to outlaw war by a general treaty is making headway under some difficulty. In Great Britain all the parties in Parliament have declared in favor of it. Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking for the Cabinet, said that the Government would stand ready to do anything in its power to obtain unity on Secretary Kellogg's proposal. Ramsay MacDonald, as head of the Labor Opposition, had reproved the Ministry mildly for delay in replying to the note from the United States. He wanted quick acceptance without reservations. Lloyd George chimed in for the Liberal minority. And Sir Austen answered that the Government was simply trying "to get everybody to understand the full implications of the Kellogg proposal" in order to secure a document that all could sign in the same spirit. Obviously, that refers to France and her reservations.

For his part, the British Foreign Secretary declared that he thought it quite possible to reconcile the Kellogg treaty with all engagements under the League of Nations and the Locarno arbitration treaties of the European Powers. The American draft treaty, he reported, had been referred to the Dominions, and on receipt of their views the Government would answer the United States—an unanswerable explanation of delay in Great Britain.

From France, reports have indicated that Sir Austen's speech was taken as final evidence of agreement of all the Powers on the desirability of a joint treaty against war. Italy, to be sure, has simply offered "cordial collaboration" without stating her attitude toward the Kellogg treaty or the French reservations. Premier Mussolini adhered to the British suggestion of a conference of jurists to adjust the differences between the two points of view, but added that the meeting could be effective only if the United States would send a legal expert. Since Secretary Kellogg has announced his opposition to the plan, it seems apparent that it will be dropped.

Meanwhile Jacob Gould Schurman, American Ambassador to Germany, slowed up the diplomatic machinery with a speech acknowledging an honorary degree from the University of Heidelberg. Asserting that he had been impressed with the similarity of the fundamental international ideals of the Governments and peoples of the two countries, he declaimed:

"Germany and the United States are marching forward in a great and noble adventure in the cause of human civilization. I earnestly hope, I confidently expect, that all other nations of the world will join them in this glorious procession."

French spokesmen in Paris at once rose to object. Who originally advanced the scheme to outlaw war, they asked—France and the United States or Germany and the United States? And did Germany's acceptance of the American draft for a treaty mean that France no longer had anything to do with the affair? In Washington officials of the Department of State made it known that they had no word of the text of Ambassador Schurman's speech before it was delivered; and so it could not be taken as the view of the Administration.

In Paris, Stéphane Lauzanne, the influential editor of the "Matin," published an article deploring the day when M. Briand for France proposed to the United States a treaty against war between the two nations. That led, he argued, to a flight from the solid ground of actualities into the clouds of visionary hope for a world made peaceful without guaranties. The Franco-Slav system is logical, he contended, while the Anglo-Saxon system is idealistic. By these terms he obviously meant practical and impractical.

Evidently the movement to outlaw war still has some ground to gain—before it reaches the Senate.

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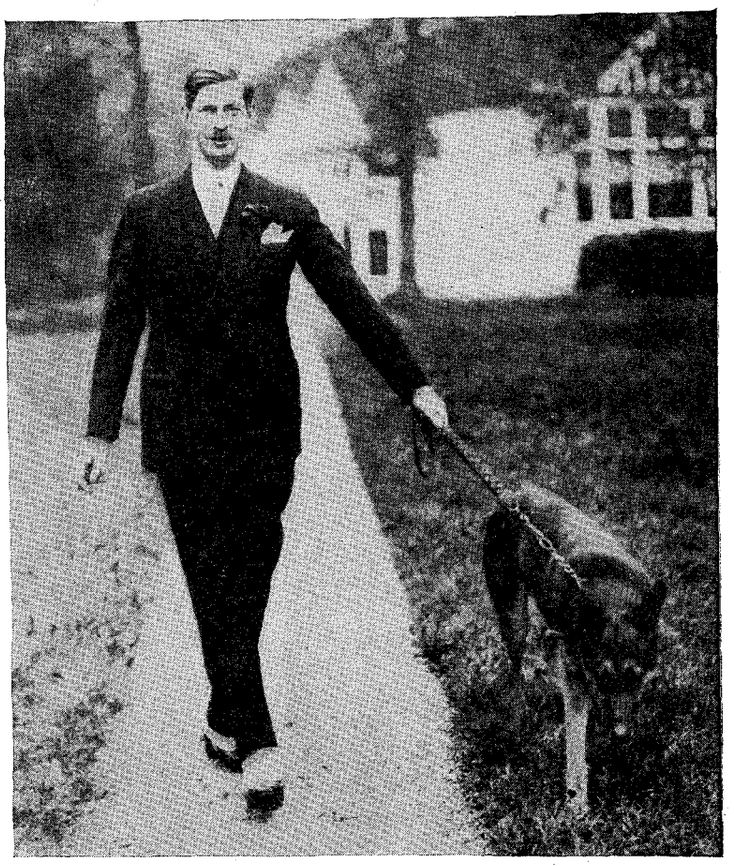
SECRETARY KELLOGG has taken another step forward, in the meantime, in his program of action to minimize the possibilities of war for the United States. He has signed with the German Ambassador the first general arbitration and conciliation treaties ever negotiated between Germany and this country. When Elihu Root was Secretary of State, efforts for such an understanding met opposition from the Imperial German Government. The arbitration treaty now signed is similar to those recently made with France and Italy, and the conciliation treaty corresponds to those negotiated with many nations by Bryan. Thus the force of actuality and logic is at least being put back of the pacific policy of the United States.

To the surprise, and probably the chagrin, of the European nations that have been courting the favor of Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan during his tour of the Continent, Americans have announced an exclusive concession for fifty years to the exploitation of minerals and oil in his realm. They plan to form the Afghan-American Trading Company and start active investigations soon.

The Governments of Europe entertained the traveling ruler lavishly, hoping to secure for their industrialists the rich development projects of his country. Both Great Britain and Russia, whose capitals the Amir has visited, particularly sought his good will because Afghanistan is the northern gateway to India. The Amir smiled, tipped lavishly, and kept his own counsel, leaving each nation with a sense that nothing definite had come of his visit. The representative of the American promoters, in announcing the agreement which he secured in Paris in February, suggested that perhaps the Amir decided to employ American capital to modernize his country in order to avoid entangling alliances.

JULIUS MANIU, with 200,000 men, marched on Bucharest and then marched back again. That seems to be the story of the latest plan to overthrow the Bratianu dictatorship in Rumania.

Maniu, who heads the National Peasant Party, gathered his followers recently at Alba Julia for a political council of war. They came, an unprecedented throng—in wagons and a few automobiles, and many, barred by troops from trains and roads, afoot over the hills, carrying their beds and food on their backs—expecting a decisive word from their chieftain to move against the Government. With the peasants came 20,000 miners, carrying every stick of dynamite and every bit of other explosives available in their mines. The stage seemed set for an attack on "Europe's most corrupt government."



ANOTHER CHAPTER IN A COLORFUL STORY

Prince Carol of Rumania, who has been invited by the British Government to leave England

Maniu apparently had got more support than he bargained for. He had the assembly pass resolutions calling on the Government to resign. Then he advised his followers to go home. His henchmen were aghast. They mounted the platform and asked the throngs if they were ready to fight.

"Our women will laugh us out of the house if we go home without results," they shouted.

"Lead on," yelled the crowd. "Liberty or death!"

"Back home!" answered Maniu, and ended the conference.

Most of the peasants, discouraged by Government agents who talked to them of the need to get the crops planted, dispersed. The miners and some of the peasants attempted to march on Bucharest, anyway. But they gave it up when they found that War Minister Hartarescu was more than ready to meet their remnant of force.

Maniu declares that the fight against the Government has just begun. He explains that a revolution would have played into the hands of Rumania's enemies—Hungary and Soviet Russia. But apparently it would not be safe for him to try to go back among his constituents to explain that.

The Government, immensely relieved, has applied repressive measures to the newspapers and arrested foreign correspondents regarded as troublesome.

At the same time the former Crown Prince Carol, sojourning in England, has met with an order of the British Government to deport him. The reason is his use of Great Britain as a base for plots, in connection with the expected peasant rising, to regain the throne he renounced rather than give up an irregular love affair. His son, Mihai, became King upon the death of Carol's father, King Ferdinand, the power being held by a regency of three until the boy becomes a man. Carol was suspected of planning to go by airplane to Rumania in case the peasants' movement should overthrow the Bratianu administration. The fiasco at Alba Julia and the curt order from London to quit the country probably have ended his last chance to secure the crown. Genuine monarchs—even potential ones—are not deported.

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Japan in China

TWO things are clear in connection with the conflict in Shantung between Chinese Nationalists and Japanese forces. One is that the fight has given a new impulse to anti-Japanese feeling in China. The other is that the affair is no business either of the United States or any other Powers or of the League of Nations, unless both the Chinese and the Japanese are willing to accept neutral mediation. An unwanted mediator only makes trouble for himself and becomes the butt of the irritation of both sides.

Just how the trouble occurred is still difficult to determine. The underlying issue was the right of Japan—which the Japanese asserted and the Chinese denied—to maintain forces in Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province, and along the railway to the port of Tsingtao.

The Japanese maintain that their garrison in Tsinanfu was only for the purpose of protecting Japanese citizens and property. Japan has large investments in enterprises in Shantung, and the railway to the coast transports raw materials essential for her home industries. The city is on the line of advance from Nanking, the capital of the Chinese Nationalists, to Peking, the northern capital, which they are trying to capture. So the stage stands almost inevitably set for a clash.

The Japanese forbade the Chinese to interfere with the railway—a warning that the Chinese flouted by blowing up a bridge. According to the latest accounts, the Japanese officials at Tsinanfu attempted to maintain neutrality towards the Nationalists and their northern enemies, withdrawing Japanese residents to two barricaded zones. After the Nationalists occupied the city, their unruly soldiers swarmed around the barricades, and their commander demanded that the obstructions be removed. The Japanese complied. Nationalists entered the foreign zone, and began pasting up anti-Japanese posters. Disorders developed. When an attempt to loot a Japanese shop was resisted, shooting started. Each side claims that the other fired first. From that row the fighting spread. Evidently, a considerable number of Japanese civilians lost their lives. Chinese soldiers fired on Japanese negotiators carrying a flag of truce. The Japanese commander issued an ultimatum to the Chinese to withdraw from their positions in and around the town. The Chinese tried to storm it and drive out the Japanese. A pitched battle resulted. The Japanese rushed up reinforcements along the railway. At the end of a week of bombardment and fighting they had put the Chinese to rout and mastered the town, with losses on their side of about 60 killed and 200 wounded and on the Chinese side, it is estimated, 3,000 killed and an unknown number wounded.

Both the Chinese Nationalists and the northern militarists had protested against the despatch of Japanese forces to Tsinanfu. Japan had insisted on her duty to protect her people there. That is the real point—the insistence on holding a position in another country in the midst of a civil war. In a stronger country, even under the stress of internal strife, it would not be done. But China has been disorganized for years, and her case is considered different.

Neither the United States nor a group of neutral Powers nor the League can do more than tender their good offices and afford the Chinese and Japanese the facilities of impartial mediation. The Chinese have sought it from the League. But the differences go far deeper than anything outsiders can touch; they concern Japanese penetration of China. The Chinese possess a power in their own public opinion which they are preparing to use. They are organizing a new boycott of Japanese goods. The struggle will have to work itself out on that plane of a matching of Chinese and Japanese wills.

The "Square Fist" in France

IN American politics we often like to speak of a political leader as "a two-fisted man." There is more point in a term French cartoonists coined for Premier Poincaré at the time that he ordered the occupation of the Ruhr Valley to force Germany to pay reparations. They made a pun on the pronunciation of his name and dubbed him *"poing carré"* —"square fist." Now the "square-fisted" Premier and former war President has won a victory in the French elections that makes him practically dominant in his country.

Yet the fact that the chief of the Ruhr campaign has gained this triumph does not mean that France and Germany are to be at odds—as, indeed, M. Poincaré himself has indicated in a conciliatory speech in Alsace. The European scene has greatly changed—and a party that has gained confidence by success can afford to be liberal. The Dawes Plan for reparations followed the Ruhr occupation, and after that came the Locarno arbitration and security treaties between France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, and then the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. France and Germany have concluded new industrial and trade agreements and are increasingly recognizing in action their common interest in stability on the Continent. The vote for Poincaré now is not a vote for an anti-German policy, but rather for the policy of economic reconstruction he has inaugurated through his National Union Cabinet. That Cabinet, composed of former Premiers and Ministers from most of the leading parties, is to stay in office without going through the usual form of resigning. Consequently, details of the losses of the radical factions and the gains of the moderates in the elections are less important than the broad fact that Poincaré's supporters may be able to rally on critical measures a majority of toward 200 votes in Parliament.

Poincaré is expected to turn at once to the transformation of the large short-term national debt into a new long-term interior loan, and then to some reconsideration of the war debts and the reparations program—though what form this reconsideration may take is uncertain. These are steps on the road to his goal of stabilization of the depreciated currency of France. Evidence of the recovery of French economic power under his administration appears in the news that France plans to pay this year about $40,000,000 on her war debt to Great Britain and $11,250,000 to the United States.

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In foreign relations, the elections will strengthen the hand of M. Briand in his policy regarding an agreement against war. One result is at once evident. M. Briand has announced that he now sees his way clear to reduce all his reservations to Mr. Kellogg's arbitration treaty to one—a provision that violation of the treaty shall free all parties to take action as they may deem necessary. The reassurance of the balloting makes it seem less important to the French Foreign Minister to play his hand so guardedly. And, since Mr. Kellogg has already accepted this principle, the outcome of the French campaign bids fair to aid the movement to outlaw war.

Stop Reckless Shooting

A LAW-ABIDING citizen was shot the other day near Niagara Falls, New York, because he failed to stop when some one out of the dark commanded him to halt. It appears from the reports that the command came from one of two Coast Guards who were on the watch for bootleggers. There was nothing to indicate that the command did not come from a highwayman. Indeed, it was on the natural assumption that he was in danger of being held up and robbed that this citizen tried to escape. This is the story as reported in the press. We have no desire to prejudge the case. All the facts may not have been made known. Neither Coast Guard should be adjudged guilty unless duly convicted. Yet the case has stirred widespread protest against the too common use of firearms in the attempt to enforce the law. Only a few days later an agent of the Prohibition Bureau was dismissed for firing a revolver at an automobile on a highway in West Virginia. A United States Senator was permanently injured in Washington a few years ago by officers attempting to capture violators of the liquor law, and because of the prominence of the victim there was an outcry against the too common American practice of attempting to enforce law by shooting. But the echoes of that outcry have died down.

It may be argued that criminals in America carry firearms and explosives and that if they are to be subdued they must be subdued with firearms. But the argument also can run the other way. The criminal is more apt to resort to firearms if officers of the law do. It is a sign of weakness and inefficiency, certainly, for the enforcers of the law, whose business it is to preserve peace and order, to employ methods which are as dangerous to the law-abiding as the methods of the criminal. In special emergencies violence must be met with violence; but the business of the authorities that exercise police power should be to prevent such emergencies, and certainly not to resort to extreme measures except for the prevention of crimes that are themselves of greater danger than the methods used to suppress them.

So accustomed have our police become to the use of force that the Association of the Bar of the City of New York has recommended the investigation of resort to force by the police for the purpose of obtaining confessions.

Police officers and others in charge of law enforcement are not the masters, but the servants of the people. Too often they act as if they were the masters. An uncorrupt and incorruptible police force guided by intelligence would not find itself confronted by conditions that have prevailed in Chicago, for example. There is no need of turning law enforcement into something that resembles a tribal feud.

Five Women About to Die

HARDLY a convention of manufacturers or merchants or salesmen passes without the adoption of a resolution calling attention to the altruistic nature of the big-hearted American business man. He has, these gatherings for mutual admiration affirm, invariably had the welfare of his employees in his mind. He has given them workmen's compensation, shorter hours, bigger pay. He makes the world a better and sweeter place.

But the next convention orator who starts on this theme will choke on his words if he recalls the five young women awaiting death in New Jersey from radium poisoning. Fourteen other girl workers in the plant of the United States Radium Corporation at Orange, New Jersey, since closed, are already dead. The five still alive, but despairing, pointed with their lips the little brushes used to apply radium paint to luminous watch dials. Experts have said that radium poisoning is wearing away their bones. And the United States Radium Corporation sets up the defense that the women did not file suit within two years of their injury and that the statute of limitations bars legal action.

A condemned murderess facing execution after killing her husband arouses a storm of maudlin sentimentality. Her story appears on the front pages for days on end. There are "personal diaries," interviews, photographs, life histories. But here are five women, utterly innocent, who face a fearful death, and there seems to be no public outcry. The New York "World," to its eternal credit, has investigated the cases of the women, and in a recent Sunday issue it published a story which fills the reader with helpless rage.

Thus far the company has made no claim that the women were not poisoned at its plant, even that their injuries are due to carelessness. It contends, and the law seems to be so, that actions of injuries of this sort must be started within two years. The five women did not know, however, and neither did the medical profession with any certainty, that radium was the basis of their trouble. Thus they had no reason to bring suit within two years. Their attorney is attempting to make this fact an argument for permission to ignore the statute of limitations.

Here, then, is a case which for sheer horror equals anything that has gone before. The "World" states that lawyers for the defense have resorted to delay and obstruction and that the women cannot obtain a court hearing until September. By then they may well be dead. Three of them are married and one has two small children. One, a Miss Grace Fryer, has offered herself for experiment to doctors in the hope that a cure for her sisters in misfortune may be found.

Child labor, sweat-shops, company police, the use of the injunction, low wages—all these have in the past refuted the boast that business men are universally big-hearted citizens. If business is to ally itself with humanity, here is the chance for business men with heart to repudiate the theory that they can do whatever the law allows and that they can avoid moral responsibility by invoking the law's delay.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Welcome

A BOY in Germany, nineteen years old and ambitious, decided to emigrate to America. He shared with the fliers before him the spirit of adventure and hope, trusting that by the time his ship was to sail he would have enough money to pay for his passage. Luck was with him, and he secured his passport and visa with the least trouble imaginable. Surely, the passage money would arrive by the same good luck! But to his consternation, the day of sailing arrived before the money. The boy took his trouble to a friend, and together they considered the problem. He must get to America. He had a friend in America in a place called Detroit. He would like to see this friend, who would help him, he was certain, to an enviable and remunerative position. But how was he to cross that ocean? He had no airplane, no money, and the ship was due to sail.

His friend had no money either, but between them they had excellent ideas. They secured a large packing-case, six feet long and four feet wide, and managed to furnish it as though it were a tent. A cord hammock, warm blankets, sausage, pumpernickel, chocolate, and a five-gallon keg of water was the extent of their household supplies. Then his friend nailed him up in the box, and bade him God-speed. The box was addressed, C. O. D., to its occupant at a fictitious number on a well-known street in New York City, and found its way aboard before the ship was due to sail.

Once on board the ship, the young German managed to knock loose a shingle and climb out of his quarters. The surroundings were lonely, and none too light, but there at least he could take his daily exercise and keep an eye out for additional supplies. He had no notion of the time, the days that passed, or in what proportion to ration his diminishing amount of food. He ate as little as he might; nevertheless the food was finally gone, and the voyage not yet over. Each hour found the boy hungrier and more desperate, but all his foraging was to no purpose; there was nothing to be found that could be eaten. Finally, he resigned himself to his fate, crawled into his box and hammock, and fastened the loose plank as best he could upon himself.

Perhaps he would be delivered somewhere, perhaps this was the end, but by now he was too weak to be very anxious.

A while later—it seemed a long while—the box was landed on one of the piers of the steamship line. Its occupant swung idly in his hammock. He was weak and dizzy, but feeling generally at peace with the world, and not particularly in charge of his wits. After a while, when he could be quite certain of his whereabouts, he would emerge into this pleasant land of America, and find his troubles far behind him.

Meanwhile, a checker for the steamship company, examining the freight, noticed a loose board on one of the larger boxes. With his usual confidence and efficiency, he approached the box and thrust his hand inside to investigate. The German lad looked speechlessly at the outstretched hand entering his home. This was America, the land of welcome and opportunity. He grasped the hand with feeling, and shook it warmly. In another minute a wild and frenzied checker was rushing down the pier, yelling to all within earshot that he had just been bitten by a strange animal, an animal concealed in a large packing-box from Germany.

There was soon a crowd around the box. They proceeded cautiously, and with many warnings, to unpack the contents. Inside they came upon the dazed youth, starved and emaciated, but still smiling happily to himself over the welcome of the great country.

The steamship line was delighted with the story. Far from being upset over the loss of passage money, they offered to help find the boy's friend, if the United States Government would only allow his entry into the country. But the United States Government laughs at few jokes, and the young German was sent to Ellis Island to await deportation on the same ship which carried him across. To the bewildered boy America seemed as far away as ever. But the strange country did not prove friendless.

People who had become interested in his case appealed to the authorities, who decided that a boy of his spirit would never be a public charge. He was given his release from Ellis Island, and his dreams have become reality.

The Move

OUT in Chicago there is a stone-quarry worker who told his wife one night that he had decided to move. They were living in a nice enough house, for poor people who expected no luxuries from life; but somehow the husband was dissatisfied. Not far off was a bungalow, cheap and convenient, and the man had somehow set his mind upon moving to it.

When the hours of every day are so crowded with work that must be done, moving is a difficult undertaking; even the moving of so few pieces of furniture as these two possessed. But the wife wished always to please her husband. If he had set his heart upon moving to the little bungalow down the road, very well, they would move. But at what time would they be able to move? Only those hours between work and sleep might be called their own, and those were weary hours to be packing one's belongings. But, since it was to be done, it might as well be done quickly. They decided to move, and they moved. They had not even had time to tell the neighbors of their intentions.

By ten o'clock at night, a late hour for those who rise early, the stone-quarry worker and his wife were settled in their new home. The bed was made up for the night. More dead than alive, they fell into it, grateful that the day was over, and that there was still time for sleep. They had no sooner dropped their heads upon the pillows when a resounding blast shook the neighborhood, and the sky flamed red as though the sun had risen. The man and his wife sat up in alarm, and looked through the window of their new home. Down the road a piece was the cottage they had left—no—the ruins of what had once been their cottage; now a pile of wreckage left in the wake of a bomb.

"I thought so," said the man who worked in the quarry. "Those men who work with me, they do not like me. I was uneasy in that house." But he was too tired to say much more about it. They had escaped death; sleep was very welcome.

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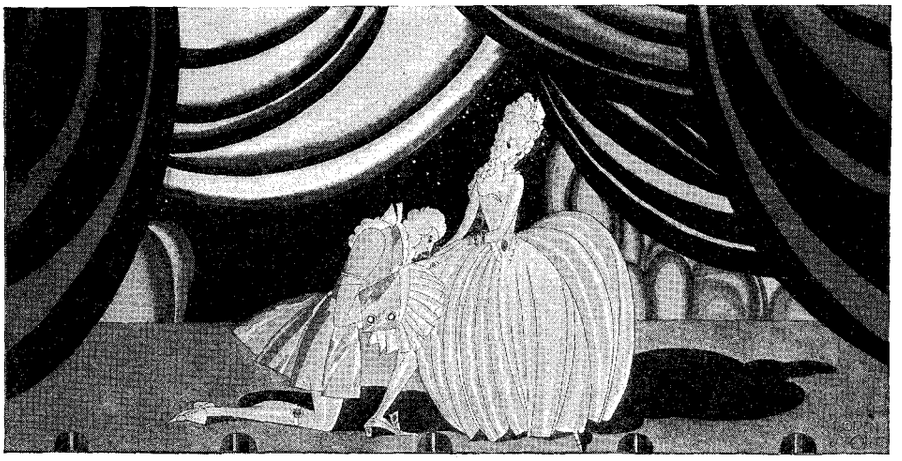
The Little Theatre Tournament



EVERY person who has struggled for more than a season with the Little Theatre in his own home town knows the tremendous difficulty always encountered in selecting the plays to be presented. Week after week, play committees argue far into the night, reading everything from bound volumes to loose sheets of manuscript, and ending by earning the undisguised hostility of everybody—the subscribers, the players, and usually many of the play committee itself.

This being so, it is remarkable that any unpublished one-act plays ever get far enough along in any American city to be considered worth sending to the Little Theatre Tournament in New York. Add to this difficulty the fact that in the Little Theatre Tournament as at present constituted the David Belasco Cup is awarded to the best presentation made by the players themselves—not to the play—and, that if a little theater so elects, it can present a well-known one-act play by a skilled dramatist, and you have a set of difficulties that militate very definitely against any original plays ever being shown at all.

In the present instance they constitute our reason for being inclined to give a hand to the Southerners for their efforts in the Tournament just completed at the Frolic Theatre in New York. Of the four plays which emerged last week from the twenty presented during the tourney, two were original playlets from Georgia, presented by the Town Theatre of Savannah, and the Black Friars of Agnes Scott College from Decatur, Georgia. Competing against them in the finals was a group from Scotland, the Ardrossan and Saltcoats Players, presenting Barrie's "Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and a group from the Bronx, presenting another play by professional authors, "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass. The result was never in doubt. The two Southern plays, "Pink and Patches" and "Hero Worship," respectively, inevitably won the prizes for the best unpublished works, but the Belasco Cup went to the Scotch players for their presentation of Barrie's playlet.

As a matter of fact, there was never any doubt about the decision, in our estimation, from the moment Jack Lambert stepped on the stage as the Scotch soldier in Barrie's playlet. As excellent an amateur actor as we have ever seen, he had behind him a group presenting a play written with all the sensitiveness and skill of which Barrie is capable, and providing as good an entertainment as the stage offers. Indeed, except for the fact that the Scotchman himself rather overshadowed the old lady of the piece, the whole performance was exceptional. Our visitors from overseas certainly deserved the honor of the cup and all the applause they received.

It is an open question, however, whether anybody presenting a new and untried amateur playlet could have succeeded against such competition. For, say what you will, it is a very clever man who can distinguish between the ability of the actor and the excellence of the part written for him. As every one knows, some parts are "actor proof." Even leaving aside the skill of the playwright, however, there still remains the truth or falsity of the play itself, with its resultant effect on the spectator. The advantage, then, lies all with the players who select a tried and true dramatic vehicle, while the odds are all against the more adventurous who have the courage to pick an unknown play written by one of their own kind and give it an original presentation. To allow both well-known plays and unpublished ones to be presented in the same tournament seems to us to go very far toward defeating the object of the Little Theatre movement itself. Whether little theatres exist to enable people to enjoy themselves as amateur actors, or whether they are run in the hope that original dramatic talent will show itself finally in the plays, the goal is obscured by presenting such a mixture in the yearly showing for the Cup as was shown last week.

Of the four which finally won success, Barrie's "Old Lady Shows Her Medals" is, of course, by far the best. Of the other three, "The Valiant" is merely rather an effective, mock-heroic melodrama, while only "Hero Worship" and "Pink and Patches" can be considered from the standpoint of new amateur plays. Of these two, "Hero Worship" had by far the best presentation. It seemed to us a sincerely written piece of more than usual merit, and possessing the immense advantage of depicting real people and genuine human emotions rather than some melodramatic moment which might lend itself to stage-craft. We liked its honesty and reality even more than we liked its presentation—although we must qualify this by mentioning young John Mercer in the part of the much-put-upon grandson. To a part which in manuscript must look very slight he lent an emotional reality which was in every way most exceptional. We would recommend to some of our Broadway producers that if they are looking for another Glenn Hunter or, let us say, some one to take the juvenile part in the road company of "Coquette," they could do far worse than to give a trial to this young Southerner. The two outstanding performances were his, as the Southern boy, and Jack Lambert, as the Highlander back from the trenches.

To a certain extent, of course, our sympathy goes out to the judges for having to sit through so many evenings of four plays each. One-act plays are not the stuff of which a real evening's entertainment is made. And this was true of the Little Theatre Tournament.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

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"Orchestral Drama"

By EUGENE BONNER

A DISTINGUISHED and interested audience gathered at the Manhattan Opera House a few evenings ago for one of the last flare-ups of the dying musical season, an evening of "Orchestral Drama."

The program consisted of the superb "Israel" symphony of Ernest Bloch given with what might be termed a dramatic accompaniment; a choreographic version of the two Debussy nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fêtes;" and, lastly, Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and the dances from his opera "Prince Igor."

This program was presented by the Neighborhood Playhouse, under the direction of the Misses Lewisohn, in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conducting. The stage direction as well as the dramatic composition of the spectacles was evolved by Miss Irene Lewisohn from musical interpretations by Mr. Sokoloff.

Any one who has followed the programs of the Neighborhood Playhouse for the past ten or twelve years knows by this time that whatever that organization has put its hand to has been characterized by a deep sincerity of purpose and a very splendid enthusiasm which has carried it over pretty rough places and has given us some unusual productions of real originality and genuine beauty, their offerings ranging from the old mystery play of "Guiobor," in which Yvette Guilbert appeared, to the ultra-modern ballet "Sooner and Later"—given a couple of years ago.

"The term Orchestral Drama," says Miss Lewisohn in her program note, "is used to suggest an approach rather than designate a form. . . . In combining orchestral color in sound, in plastic line, in gradations of light, of interplay of rhythms, we seek to find an expression for elemental moods that have touched us in the three musical compositions that have been the source of inspiration for this production."

As Ernest Bloch has explained at length, his "Israel" symphony was conceived as an expression of the sorrows of the Jewish race. One of the finest of modern works, it is largely a matter of opinion as to whether or not the attempted visualization of some of the ideas back of it is a successful experiment.

The stage-setting, by the eminent sculptor Jo Davidson, was designed to suggest abstractly the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, built on the site of the three great temples, where Jews from many lands gather to lament the passing of their ancient glories.

The pantomime accompanying the music was very effective just at first, but after a while it became monotonous, and although Mr. Sokoloff had advised those who did not care to watch the action to close their eyes and simply listen to the orchestra, somehow or other that was not so easy to do, and as a result the music lost a great deal of its effectiveness and seemed much less interesting than it does when done simply and solely as a concert number. Of course this is only our own personal opinion, and there are probably a great many who will disagree.

The groupings, the lighting, and the pantomime of the actors (or dancers) taking part were striking and beautiful, but it will always be a moot point whether or not abstract ideas, which are so often successfully expressed in music, can be interpreted through the medium of dance or pantomime. The late Isadora Duncan perhaps came nearer to accomplishing this than any one else so far, but even she, for all her genius, did not always succeed.

The second part of the program, comprising the "Nuages" and "Fêtes" of Debussy and the Borodin dances, was more in the tradition of the Russian Ballet. The *décor* of the Debussy number (both nocturnes being played without intermission to form a single spectacle), designed by Ernest de Weerth, was particularly lovely, revealing as it did some exquisite celestial region of silvery clouds in the midst of which was discovered "A Faun-like Creature," in this case none other than Mitchio Ito, clad in a beautifully fitting suit of gold paint and nothing else in particular save a pair of ram's horns.

"A Passing Cloud Form" in the person of Miss Martha Graham soon joined him, and together they did some charming pantomime dancing until they were interrupted by a rather turbulent gentleman called "Storm Cloud," who made his entrance from somewhere below, standing on his head in a decidedly disrespectful attitude.

Various "Cloud Forms" now appeared and disappeared, and in the second division of this number ("Fêtes") a procession of figures carrying great branches of what appeared to be golden flowers brought things to a climax.

It was all very beautiful, but just what it meant was beyond us, though, as a matter of fact, it may not have been intended to mean anything in particular. Benjamin Zemach was most satisfying as the upside-down-appearing individual.

Nevertheless it is seriously to be doubted whether anything is gained in all this. Certainly the music loses a great deal of its effectiveness, becoming a not very satisfactory accompaniment to what seemed to us a beautiful but quite incomprehensible pantomime. Of course, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" will be cited as being equally unfit at first sight for a pantomime or ballet. But then one must not overlook the really overpowering genius of the one and only Vaslav Nijinsky and the very clear little drama he evolved to accompany that glamourous bit of shimmering music.

The Borodin dances were very well done, but alas! comparisons, while odious, detestable, and mean, are also sometimes inevitable, and to most of us who have seen the great Diagileff Ballet as well as that of the Metropolitan Opera House in these particular dances this last item of the program was singularly ineffective. Nor did that black back-drop help matters.

As to the Misses Lewisohn and Mr. Sokoloff, nothing but the highest praise should go to them for all the pains they took to give us something off the beaten track. That to many the experiment missed fire is quite beside the point. Experiments of all kinds are interesting, and the picturization, dramatization, or whatever you chose to call it, of the Bloch symphony was carefully and reverently done, and the resulting ineffectiveness of this particular "orchestral drama" was due in no way to any basic lack of comprehension on the part of the producers, but rather to the insurmountable difficulty always encountered when one attempts to express an abstract idea in concrete form.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Escape"

JUDGING from two or three we've seen, the William Fox organization understands a lot about making "program" pictures. "The Escape," for example, based on Channing Pollock's play, is just another tale of bootlegging, gang warfare, and redemption, and yet it succeeds in being excellent entertainment; for the reason that the story begins, proceeds, and ends logically and consistently.

"The Escape" is a program picture which does not try to kid its audience into the belief that they are witnessing a super-special-de-luxe-tri-motored feature with body by Fisher, as is the habit of many program pictures; and therein lies its strength. The cast includes Virginia Valli, who isn't the world's most ravishing creature by a long close-up; William Russell, a competent but unspectacular performer; George Meeker (whose smile is a bit too sweet since he played in "Four Sons"); and others. They all keep well within the limits which their parts afford, and the result is—plausibility.

Now if some one will tell us what quality is more conspicuously absent from the motion pictures than plausibility we, and many other people, will be in his (or her) debt. We submit that an ordinary picture like "The Escape" is better entertainment, regardless of what you pay to see it, than many of the big ones; the big ones are too apt to crack up in reel three. You, perhaps, will go to see this film and come away wondering how, in the name of Hollywood, any one could be ass enough to call it a better picture than "Four Sons" or "Street Angel."

Well—it all depends on whether or not you're willing to swap glamour for a mess of insults to your intelligence. The thing that's hard to understand is why the same Mr. Fox who can turn out a "Sunrise" often finds it so hard to make big pictures as plausible and well balanced as "Dressed to Kill" or "The Escape" or "The High School Hero."

"Across to Singapore"

HERE is a picture which enlists the valuable services of Ramón Novarro, Ernest Torrence, and Joan Crawford; which is adapted from a rousing sea story ("All the Brothers Were Valiant") by Ben Ames Williams; and which ends up by being just another movie.

The three players above mentioned are among the stalwarts of the screen; give any one of them an assignment, however difficult, and that assignment will be handled with honors; but after they've all focused their vibrant personalities on "Across to Singapore" there is reflected back nothing more than a faint flicker. Their names, however, are potent enough to insure a box-office success; they have already been the means of getting the picture held over at the Capitol Theatre, New York, for an extra week.

True it is that there's plenty of action in "Across to Singapore;" lots of storms at sea, fights along two water-fronts, and one mutiny, complete, with assorted leers. There is comedy, too, if you like comedy: Mr. Novarro puts vinegar in the wineglass of his elder brother (Mr. Torrence) as a big joke; Mr. Torrence drinks it with relish; a pitcher of water is adjusted over a bedroom door, with side-splitting results. All of this is designed to intensify the tragedy which ensues when both brothers find they love the same girl—a tragedy which can only be remedied by the elder brother dying, with blessings and forgiveness on his lips.

Mr. Torrence, you may be sure, plays this latter scene to what is often referred to as the hilt. He also does the scenes where he is drinking himself to death in Singapore as only Ernest Torrence can do them. While we very definitely did not care for "Across to Singapore" and do not choose to recommend it, we will say one thing for it:

It proves that Louis B. Mayer has some impressively able employees on his pay-roll.

"Honor Bound"

AMONG the program pictures which elicited, elsewhere on this page, our compliments to William Fox, "Honor Bound" cannot be included. Not without more reservations than we care to burden you with. George O'Brien is in it, and Estelle Taylor; and it opens with Mr. O'Brien being knocked cold by Miss Taylor's irate spouse, who has followed her to Mr. O'Brien's bachelor quarters. (The incident serves forcibly to remind the beholder that Miss Taylor in private life is Mrs. Jack Dempsey.) The next thing you know, the lady has grabbed her husband's gun away from him and given him the works—as the story-books say—while Mr. O'Brien is doing a Tunney on the floor. Mr. O'Brien, reviving and feeling his jaw, is confronted with the fact that he has a dead husband in his bachelor quarters.

Always the gentleman, he permits the bulls to pinch him for the job and takes the rap in the frail's place. (We must stop going to those crook plays.) To translate, he refuses to implicate the lady and goes to jail as a murderer in her stead.

In course of time he is transferred from the penitentiary to a coal mine where they use convict labor. Here, to his astonishment, he is greeted by the very lady who got him into all this mess; she has married again, and her second husband is just as narrow-minded (and just as big) as her first one.

When Husband No. 2 finds out that his wife is stuck on a convict—has been responsible, in fact, for his transfer to the mine—he gets so mean that you're almost afraid to look. Aided by a wicked warden, he causes Mr. O'Brien to suffer, visibly. It's all pretty far-fetched and overdone.

If you see the picture, don't fail to observe the startling resemblance of Sam de Grasse, as the warden, to the present Chief Executive of these United States. It's uncanny!

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Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is one article of furniture that has always seemed to us as stable and unchangeable as the Rock of Ages. We refer to the piano. Style succeeds style, but the piano remains fixed as the unalterable pole, about which revolve the fads of the minute, the year, or the decade. It has always been something to anchor to; a massive, dignified, and comforting presence, affording a background of old-fashioned conservatism against which modern bizarreries of decoration, costume, or even conduct seemed somehow more excusable and more entertaining. But now comes the modernistic piano, a creature with slender legs and a French name, frivolous and gayly painted, to strike at the very center and foundation of the American home. It is called the Modernique. One grand piano, designed by Lee Simonson, is called "the Death of a Simile," because with it in mind the comparison of a stout person's legs to those of a piano is no longer apt. A long and diligent search went to the making of that title, we bet. Then there are two models by Edward Steichen, and two by Helen Dryden—one of the latter being in gray and white, and called "Simplicity." Well, it is simple, in a sense. But we mustn't quarrel with all the titles. Though we can't quite see ourself playing hymns on that piano.

If the modernistic movement has conquered the piano, certainly it will transform some of the other musical instruments. We await eagerly the appearance of the modernistic cornet, the modernistic drum—perhaps even the modernistic jew's-harp. And then, we suppose, the modernique pipe organ. Well, we're conservative. We don't like these things much. We suppose we'll have to give up music. Probably, though, we can still whistle old-fashioned tunes—unless the dentist insists on supplying us in a few years with a modernistic set of false teeth.

IN speaking of the gas refrigerator last week, we forgot to mention that there is one model which combines ice-box and gas-stove in one unit. They told us it worked perfectly. If so, there would seem to be a definite place for it in small apartment kitchens and kitchenettes.

COME out into the kitchen a minute, and we will tell you about the pea-sheller, which fastens on to the table edge and into which you feed the pods; also the bean-cutter, which works in much the same way and cuts the beans diagonally; also the bean stringer, which slices off the strings as you draw the beans across it. Being familiar with these three operations as performed by hand, we think these devices should save a lot of time.

Another useful device is the wire cage into which you put spinach, lettuce, berries, or whatever, for the purpose of washing sand and dirt out easily.

And then there's an electric egg-beater. It's just the same as the regular beater, with a little motor attached. You can whip cream or make mayonnaise without having a lame arm for the rest of the day.

Also, if you have ever dashed back to the house from somewhere because you thought you had left the electric iron on, you'll appreciate this six-pound iron which has a safety control that shuts it off automatically when it gets too hot.

WE beheld at Altman's with some amazement the electric doughnut iron. It is like the waffle iron in its general arrangement, except that you put in the dough, shut it up, and at the end of a certain period of time open it and take out the finished doughnut. What the doughnuts are like we really don't know, since no one offered us one, but they are said to be no white inferior to the fried-in-deep-fat kind.

Our all-seeing eye also took in at this store some distinctly interesting modernistic women's wrist watches. They are Elgin watches, designed by three well-known French *couturières*, and combine white gold and colored enamel in several striking geometric designs. But they're not so modern that you can't tell time by them.

Domino players who find their style cramped by the ordinary sets of dominoes that end with the double six can get here sets which run all the way up to double twelve. This is said to make a much more interesting game for experts.

WE saw a nice comfortable armchair of bamboo that would look well on your porch or in your garden. It is held together with leather straps, so that it can be easily packed up and carried in a car. Stick willow is being used a good deal this year for garden and porch furniture. We have seen some very good-looking tables and chairs and davenports of this material, as well as those peacock chairs with the high backs which are so comfortable to sit in.

And in the garden, instead of using an old piece of lath to tie the flowers and bushes to, why not get some of those four-foot garden stakes which have various kinds of birds, made of wood and painted, on the tops? We think they're amusing to look at.

For small children there is a combination teeter, merry-go-round, and slide which is very good. The slide is nine feet long. It is not expensive. Or you can get a strongly built gym combination of bar, trapeze, and rings. For still smaller children there is a sand-box with a canvas canopy over it, so you won't have to call them to come into the house when it begins to rain.

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A Letter to Our Friends

The Outlook

120 East 16th Street-New York

Dear Outlook Subscriber:

This is a sincere request for your co-operation in the interests of both of us.

Do you know one friend or acquaintance--or distant relative--who would enjoy reading The Outlook every week just as much as you do?

Just now, we are extremely desirous of doubling the number of our readers, so we can send you a better and better magazine every week. As you know, a magazine is like a telephone exchange, or a little theater--the more subscribers it has, the better service it can give. Admittedly, however, it is only the unusual person who enjoys The Outlook--it is not edited for the crowd. Mostly, its admirers are the kind of people you know.

Will you bring one more member into the Outlook family? Ask him or her to fill out the enclosed form and mail it to us.

Both political Conventions are now at hand. Mr. Pringle and Mr. Merritt are getting ready to attend. The sports of the summer impend. Herbert Reed's sports department starts next week. Also we are beginning a new literary series. A revaluation of Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, and other literary figures. Mr. Bonner is departing for the European music festivals this week. From every standpoint, our next few issues promise to be more interesting than ever. We think you would be doing a good turn in calling The Outlook to your friend's attention just now.

May we thank you for whatever time and effort you may expend?

Sincerely yours,

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY.

P.S.--Just hand the form to your friend--or fill it out yourself, with his consent--and we will start sending The Outlook to him now, mailing the bill to him later.

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The Snowball

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

BEFORE the third baby was born Father died, and thereafter the small Wallaces received a thorough course in plain living and high thinking at the hands of their remarkable mother, who kept house, nursed the baby, did some teaching, managed the unremunerative family property, and, when she could be cornered, entertained the children. Between times Madeleine and her brother invented tales of their own.

"Let me tell you a story," Brother would suggest to his sister, busy with her dolls.

"All right," she would agree; "but there mustn't be any blood or killing."

So Brother would begin, innocently enough, but progressing by adroit degrees to such horrors that Sister had to stop her ears; whereupon he would spring upon her, pinning her arms to her sides and shouting such frightful details of flaming artillery, piercing sword thrusts, and bleeding heroes that her shrieks brought Mother running to restore peace with some quieter story of her own. Among them was this true family tale of a Canadian ancestor, sent us by "Madeleine," now Mrs. Charles Martin, of Texas.

The Snowball

As remembered by Mrs. Charles Martin

JOHN BLOW was a regular boy—strong and healthy, a great runner, skater, and jumper, and a marvel of skill at throwing a ball. Nowadays the Big Leagues would be competing for his services, but back in the 1820's, in the strict Baptist town of Woodstock, youthful activities were frowned upon, and it was only among the boys that his athletic skill was appreciated. To them he became a real King of Boyville.

His foster-parents, the Burtches—for John was an adopted orphan from England—were kindly people, but so strict and religious that he found it hard to fit into their narrow ways of living, and it was all he could do to sit through the

long, dreary sermons in the church every Sunday.

Even so, life might have been fairly pleasant had it not been for Elder Brown. He was a lean, hatchet-faced, sallow man with a long nose and a cast in one eye—though John declared he always knew when the elder was looking at him—a circuit-riding preacher who always stayed with the Burtches. Elder Brown soon took all the joy out of life for the young folks, warning their parents that the devil lurked behind their hours of play, which might much better be spent in the service of the Lord.

John, of course, as ringleader, came in for the lion's share of blame and dislike. Even at meal-time the Elder managed to drag the conversation around to unworthy orphans who could never repay the great favors heaped upon them by their benefactors, until poor John, who was really fond of his foster-parents, could scarcely swallow a mouthful.

For some little time, however, Elder Brown had been busy with other churches, and one Saturday afternoon, when a heavy snowfall offered tempting sport, the boys persuaded their parents to allow a great boy-gathering for the afternoon. John, poor fellow, was laid up with a cold, but he was none the less dismayed to see Elder Brown driving up to the house, for well he knew that this meant an end of fun for all his comrades.

Sure enough, Elder Brown put an immediate stop to the party. John had only one consolation—at least, with his cold, he could not be dragged out to the poorly heated church to listen to Elder Brown's dronings. Yet he was almost denied even that comfort, for the Elder had about persuaded his host that at any cost John needed the spiritual benefits of the service, when Mrs. Burtch set her foot down, declaring John too sick to leave the house.

"Then," said Elder Brown, disagreeably, "any one too ill to hear the Word of God should be in bed, and I advise a good dose of oil."

So poor John was dosed and greased within an inch of his life and bundled off to bed. He was lying there, after the others had gone, hot with fever and with hatred for Elder Brown, when something tinkled against the pane. He sat up and listened. Again that faint jingle. John sprang up and ran to the window.

In the bright moonlight below stood several of his friends.

"Say, John," they whispered. "Everybody gone? We have a plan to get even with old Brown."

"What?" Heedlessly, John opened the window to hear better.

"And you've got to help us."

"But," objected John, "I'm sick."

"Listen," urged the boys. "The pulpit is in a line with the north window. We want to sail a snowball at him, and you're the only one who can do it. We can't take any chances on missing. Come on!" So finally John got up, dressed, and joined his friends in the snow below.

How lovingly that snowball was rolled and worked and shaped and patted until it was as smooth as ice and hard as glass! Quietly then the boys stole to the church, John "warming up" his pitching arm on the way.

Outside the north window, he sized up the distance to the pulpit and waited—for Elder Brown always paced up and down during the sermon, and they must bide their time for the long prayer. At last the preacher stood still and closed his eyes. John grasped the snowball, took careful aim, and let fly—then ran as hard as his legs would carry him, not daring even to wait to see the result.

He was the fastest runner in Woodstock, but that night his feet seemed to

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of *suggestions from older and younger readers as to* well-known people whom they would be especially *interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories* remembered from childhood.

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stick in the snow; besides, he was really ill. But at last he reached home, wiped his shoes carefully, groped his way upstairs, undressed, and hurried into bed. It was none too soon, for just as he settled down came the sound of horses tearing up to the gate.

Huddling under the covers, John tried to bring his panting down to long, regular breathing and to warm his face, lest his foster-mother feel it for fever. One thing worried him—his wet, soggy shoes—but he could only pray that they would not be found. He heard the Burtches hurrying upstairs, then a stern voice outside the door called: "John!"

No answer. His foster father and mother came in, holding a light. Under the bedclothes lay John, breathing heavily. A long time they stood looking at him; finally Mrs. Burtch said: "There, you see! I told you it wasn't John. You let Elder Brown put notions in your head. John is a good boy." Which made her adopted son feel very bad, but not bad enough to betray himself.

"Well," declared Mr. Burtch, puzzled, "if I didn't know that no human could run that fast, I'd say it was John, anyway. Nobody else in town could have aimed that snowball and even gauged it to allow for breaking the window. But I see it wasn't John." And they went back downstairs to report to the Elder, not noticing the wet shoes at all.

Next morning John's cold was much worse, but when he saw the Elder's bruised nose and heard him mumble painfully through swollen lips that there would be no service that day, he felt better than cured!

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 143*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

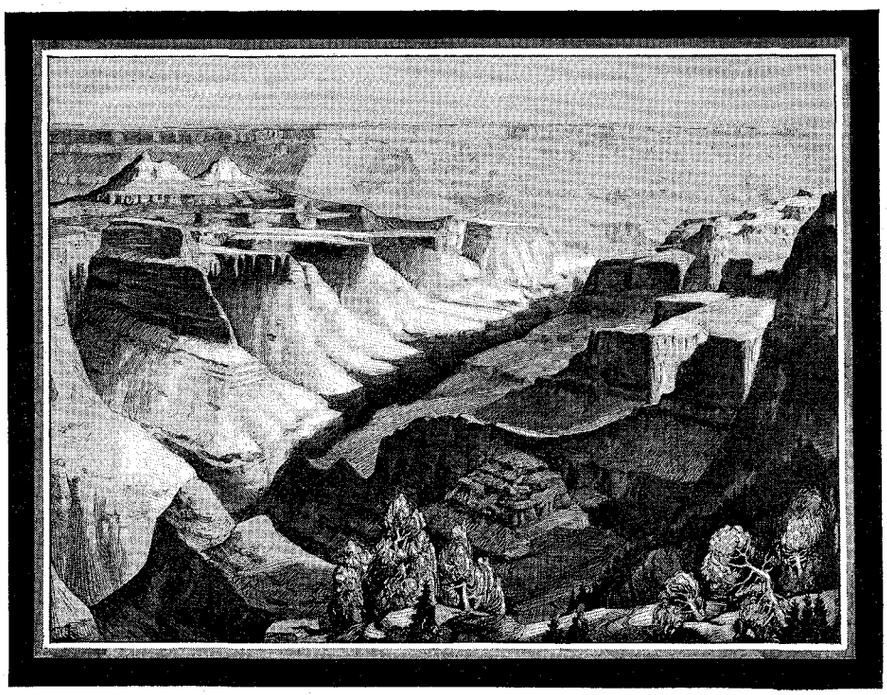
"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

"Most marvelous of sights to man"



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A Bank Taps a New Stratum of Customers

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE National City Bank, the largest institution in the United States, has opened a new era in banking by the establishment of a Personal Loan Department which will make personal loans without collateral to salaried men and women in amounts ranging from $50 to $1,000.

Interest will be charged at the rate of 6 per cent. There will be no other charge for investigation or service, and the only guaranty required will be the signature of two responsible co-makers on the borrower's note. One year will be required for repayment. Deposits will be made weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly in a compound interest account in order to accumulate the desired amount. Interest, compounded monthly, is paid on these deposits.

This is a long and important step in the democratization of banking service, a process which has been going on at a rapid pace for the last fifteen or twenty years, and which has been of great value to the banks themselves and to the new strata of clients.

The new department received a prompt and cordial welcome. Leading bankers and industrialists, the newspapers, and the public all showed their approval, the business leaders and the press by the warmth of their comments and the public by rushing to take advantage of the offer. Nearly a thousand men and women applied for loans the day the department opened.

Various benefits that will accrue to the National City Bank and its new clients are immediately evident. Leaving aside for a moment the question of the Personal Loan Department's own current dollar-and-cent profits, the bank is sure to gain indirectly through the publicity given the plan, the good will of its borrowers, and the discovery of new customers for other departments. Charles E. Mitchell, the National City's president, said frankly that he desired "to make closer contact with the people of New York City and, specifically, those individuals minded to thrift." Already among the applicants to the Personal Loan Department the National City has uncovered a substantial amount of business for its other subdivisions. Unquestionably, many of the new borrowers will return later to lend money in the form of deposits.

Whether the department will pay for itself directly no one knows yet, although the National City believes that it will. The answer to this question will be an important, though not a decisive factor with other banks in considering whether or not to follow the National City's lead. They will be pretty sure to do so if the department can pay its own expenses, or even run at a small loss. After all, the 6 per cent interest on the loans is only one of several joint products, education and the creation of good will being the most valuable of the others. If the interest alone will pay for all of the joint products, it is obvious that the good will and the education can be put down as clear profit.

The advantages to the borrower are even clearer. Attorney-General Ottinger, of New York State, has made a long investigation of the loan shark industry, and he has found that an uncomfortably large proportion of his fellow-citizens have been paying interest ranging from 14 to 36 per cent for loans which they could not, in most cases, have obtained except from gougers. Because of these fearful rates, the victims have often slumped deeper and deeper into debt. New York's laws against usury are probably as stringent as they can be made—those of many other States are certainly much laxer—but the framing of these provisions is extremely difficult, their enforcement even more so. Personal loan departments may not drive Shylocks out of business entirely, but they will force them to confine their attentions to a class with which reputable institutions would not care to do business.

Although it has not limited rigidly the purposes for which loans will be considered, the National City Bank expects that most of them will be for medical and other emergency expenditures, home improvements, and property charges. The whole plan is in the experimental stage. Only experience will show definitely what types of loans are the soundest and the most productive of further business.

The lending of money to pay for an operation, to take a typical case, sometimes will benefit not only the patient but the physician. The excessively scrupulous man will not postpone necessary treatment because he cannot raise funds and will not accept charity services. Nor will there be as much excuse for the non-payment of a doctor's bill by a less meticulous patient.

"Since you are in debt," the doctor might say, "why not transfer your obligation to the personal loan department, which makes a business of lending, and pay me?"

The spread of the personal loan department idea, moreover, will enable borrowers to snap up bargains which otherwise they might have been forced to let pass. A young couple, for instance, has a chance to buy a set of dining-room furniture at a ridiculously low figure, but have not enough cash on hand. A personal loan department would be glad to advance them the funds.

In discussing the immediate questions raised by the banking innovation, its economic and sociological significance probably has not received enough attention. This creation of what is really a new instrument of credit is, like the installment purchase plan, another encouragement to average men and women to go into debt and then work themselves out again. Old-fashioned economists have been railing against this tendency for many years. As far as we can see now, though, their objections have been disproved by experience. Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, the Columbia University economist, who, with a corps of experts, investigated exhaustively the whole installment-buying question, said:

"Installment credit is beginning to do for the consumer what the gradual development of the commercial banking system has done for the producer. If the credit is restricted to the proper commodities, under proper management, it will gradually throw off its abuses and will stand forth as one of the most signal contributions of the twentieth century to the potential creation of National wealth and National welfare." With this, most of the ablest economists are in agreement.

The personal loan experiment is interesting sociologically because of the confidence it expresses in the average man's honesty. J. P. Morgan stated that character was the only really important collateral. The National City Bank evidently believes that the average worker possesses that collateral.

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"And *sleep!* Man, how I did sleep!"

WELL, you won't see much of me this summer. I intend to spend most of my time right here. Though we're just on a short trip now, Mary and I know this is the *one* place for our vacation. What a hotel! Splendid food, and the guests as friendly as you'd want to meet. We sleep like tops too. There's plenty of sun and air in our rooms; it feels mighty good to wake up to a place like that. . . . Jim Coulter (he comes down regularly with his family) says he considers this his second home. I'm beginning to look on it the same way.

* * *

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News Fakers

(Continued from page 131)

for the offices of the patriotic organization, the reporter was directed to the basement. Here he found the woman who headed the roster of trustees on her knees occupied with what might have been her daily task of scrubbing floors. Her husband was the janitor of the building. Their daughter was a stenographer and, to the credit of the pair, a good one, as I have implied. That was all the information obtainable about the patriotic society that had sought to create embarrassing publicity for a foreigner.

More successful was the appeal to patriotism by a press agent who happens to represent a manufacturer of soap. He actually "broke into print" by announcing that for the first time in its history the Statue of Liberty was to be washed, under the auspices of the National Patriotic League. Later the commander of the troops at Bedloe's Island characterized the press-agent story as "a lot of hokum." When the matter was called to the attention of the advertising department of the soap company, a representative of that department, according to "Editor and Publisher," naïvely explained that it had not been expected that the name of the company would be mentioned, adding:

"You will notice in the story as sent out that there is a mention of 'super-suds.' We have a product called 'Super Suds,' but we did not capitalize it in the publicity. We realize that to get something in that will tie us up with the story is all that we can hope for."

And so it goes. Employing the police, the hospitals, the profession of medicine, the press—whatever agency can be hoodwinked for its purposes—the business of faking news thrives because it is tolerated. I once knew a reporter who set the fires that he reported so promptly. He was a dangerous character, but not so dangerous as the systematic falsifier of events. We can afford to laugh at the ballyhoo of the cheap and vulgar whom none take seriously. When capital and brains organize to influence the public in such a way that it will not know that it is being influenced, it is no laughing matter.

It must be clear to any intelligent person who will take the time to study the logical consequences of his activities that the news faker is a social menace. If for a long time his methods were increasingly successful, he would undermine public confidence in the daily press. The press is the greatest secular influence for good in the world today. If its influence wanes, we are lost.

A "sky-blue passport" to Personal Service in Europe

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Pulitzer Awards

THE Pulitzer prizes in journalism and letters for 1927 were announced last week. The names of the judges for the awards may be found in the newspapers for May 8. Their decisions are open to question. That always happens with prizes. The prize for "the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author" was given to "Tristram," by E. A. Robinson (the Macmillan Company). We should say that its only competitor must have been "Woman at Point Sur," by Robinson Jeffers (Boni & Liveright), and that the decision must be accepted as excellent. For "the best book of the year upon the history of the United States" the award was made to "Main Currents in American Thought" (two volumes, "The Colonial Mind, 1620–1800" and "The Romantic Revolution in America, 1800–1860"), by Vernon L. Parrington (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). There cannot be any loud quarrel with this choice. It focuses the attention of the reader away from history as a record of events to history as an investigation of the thought which shaped those events. The Parrington books were reviewed in The Outlook (July 27) as "a fresh and original interpretation of the more influential tendencies in American thought and sentiment from colonial days to the outbreak of the Civil War." They provide a valuable background to all reading in the literature and history of that period, and also to contemporary critical comment on America. We find the award for "the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding as too obvious the names of Washington and Lincoln," to "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," by Charles E. Russell (Doubleday, Page & Co.), the most successful of the awards. Even without the stipulated exclusions, it is a fine choice. About Washington and Lincoln much was said last year, and nothing much. But the history of music in America has not received commensurate attention. In orchestral music America stands well, both in quality and quantity. Music is a conspicuous civic element in every large city. Theodore Thomas, the spiritual parent of the American orchestra, for forty years fostered and led the musical taste of the country. His efforts to establish and maintain a high standard were a constant struggle against apathy, commercialism, fads, and bigotry, all those factors which combine, in America, to frustrate great artistic expression. It is only right that a book, excellent in literary quality, devoted to his life should be chosen for the prestige of an award and for the wide reading sure to follow its publication. The wording of the awards for the novel and the drama was subjected by the judges, on their own admission, to pretty liberal interpretation. In fact, it was disregarded. We believe that this is a mistake. If these awards are to be made, they should be made on an unvarying basis, which can be understood by the public. The prize for the "original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners" was given to "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill (Boni & Liveright). We may find the conditions imposed by the donor ridiculous where a work of art is in question, but they were imposed. If the award had been for "the finest play" or for the play which shall best "present for the observation and study of the future the contemporary spiritual state of America," we should have acclaimed the decision. As the award does read we cannot. Certainly the standard of manners or taste as expressed in "Strange Interlude" is not a generally acceptable one. Standards of morals are tricky things for judges to decide. But no play could illustrate better than does "Strange Interlude" the incapacity of the American mind of today for the poise and detachment necessary to spiritual ripeness. What did Henry James say of our land —either green or rotten? The prize for the American novel "which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" was given to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni). The setting of this novel is eighteenth-century Peru. This decision is pretty clumsy to handle. If the award had read, "for the finest contribution in novel form to American literature," then the choice would have lain, surely, between "The Bridge," "The Grandmothers" (Glenway Wescott, Harper & Brothers), "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (Willa Cather, A. A. Knopf), and "My Heart and My Flesh" (Elizabeth M. Roberts, the Viking Press), and the judges would have had ample support for whatever decision they might have made. But in that case, what

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Logan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. A strong and somber study in hysteria in the French provinces. To be reviewed next week.

"The Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young. A. A. Knopf. The author's two most sympathetic settings, the Cotswolds and Africa, are the background for a dramatic story, written with poetic feeling. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns, and a poet's interpretation of the "good soldier." Reviewed last week.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

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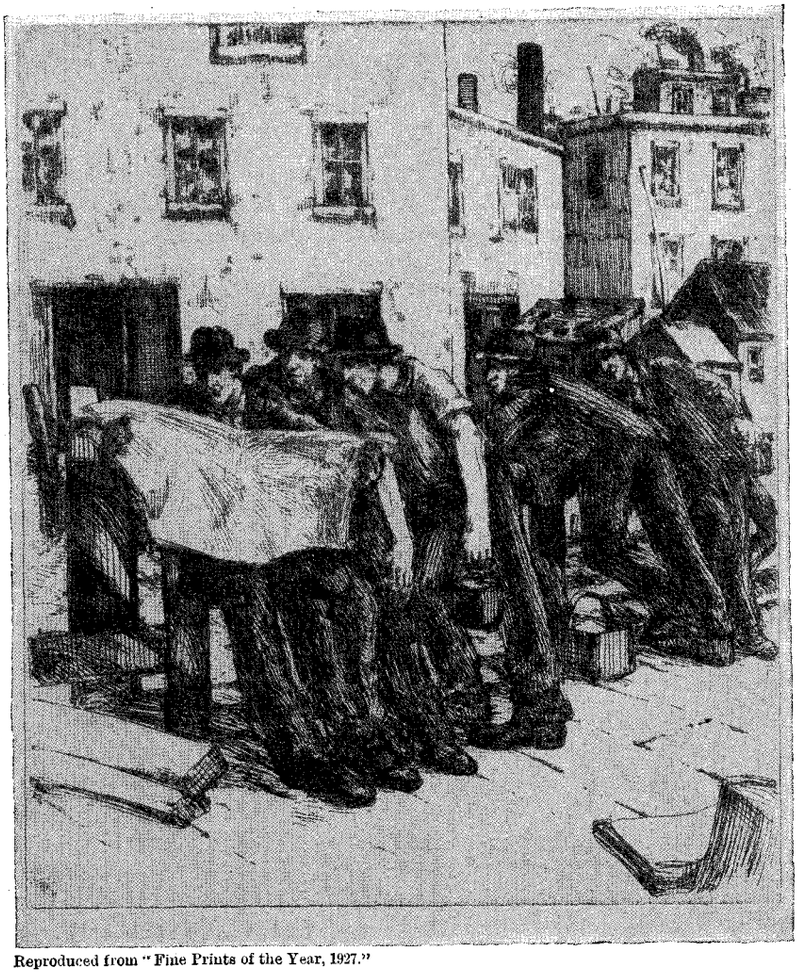
about last year's prize, awarded to "Early Autumn," by Louis Bromfield, in a year which produced "The American Tragedy"?

We do not believe in the giving of prizes in letters or in art. Perhaps in countries where the general cultural standard is high, or where the group pretending to cultural interests is small, such prizes can be successfully and profitably given. There will, in the one case, be some common understanding and appreciation of those values in letters and art which are unchanging; in the other, no interest outside a small circle. Here, where the average mental age is said to be twelve years, and where every man sets up as a judge of painting and a patron of literature, prizes are likely to be misunderstood. The public accepts too readily as the decision of an all-wise providence what is really only the choice of a few fallible men. Our advice to readers interested in the Pulitzer awards is to take them with a grain of salt.



Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927."

FARING NEWS

Etching by Martin Petersen

Parents, Take Your Choice

By L. J. P.

"Growing Into Life," by David Seabury. Boni & Liveright.

"Psychological Care of Infant and Child," by John B. Watson. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.

"For biological facts, like mathematical processes," says Mr. Seabury "are not a matter of debate." True enough. But what are the facts? Mr. Seabury says:

> We are what we are as characters because of the mental values of the chromomeres. And when the chromomeres in our blood stream have in their majority been of fine quality and power, capacity and refinement is (*sic*) born in the individual. Inversely, the psychic potentials in the chromosomes of a born criminal are of primitive form and manifest only crude development. He is incapable of the high reaches of thought and feeling which belong to a fine heritage.

Yet here comes Dr. Watson with this statement:

> If you start with a healthy body, the right number of fingers and toes, eyes, and the few elementary movements that are present at birth, you do not need anything else in the way of raw material to make a man, be that man a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug.

So, it seems, we pays our money and we takes our choice. If we are middle-aged and disappointed, we can lean on Mr. Seabury and blame the chromomeres. If we are young and hopeful but the son of a gamboleer, we can chuck Mr. Seabury and side with Dr. Watson. And if there chance to be a baby's crib in the next room? Well, both Mr. Seabury and Dr. Watson put it up to us pretty strongly there. According to Mr. Seabury, it lies within our power to see that the good chromomeres get a free hand and that things are made dark and dreary for the bad ones. According to Dr. Watson, we can make what we will of the child, and for whatever he becomes the whole blame or glory is upon us.

Mr. Seabury makes the opening observation that in order to raise hogs successfully men are sent to agricultural colleges, but did you ever hear of a woman getting a college degree in the art of motherhood or of a man studying human husbandry for four years? Then he rushes on for 700 pages without pausing for a reply. We propose to turn him back at this late date and forcibly interject a reply, because his question irritates us. The same question in one guise or another levels itself at us from the preface or opening chapter of numberless books by scientific popularizers in the fields of heredity and child culture. And, once stated, it is assumed to be indictment, proof, verdict, and judgment all rolled up into one.

The obvious answer is that raising hogs successfully may be a very profitable source of income, whereas the practice of human husbandry, successful or otherwise, is one of the most unbeatable sources of outgo that have yet been devised. A man must first have income even to raise children afflicted with "ambivalence," "catatonia," "echolalia," and "hebephrenia." And a woman must first have a man. The pursuit and acquisition of either takes a lot of time and study.

We wish that in Mr. Seabury's book there were less heat in proportion to the light. The author frankly admits a "burning, partisan emotion for the rights of youth." But, assuming that youth is in need of self-appointed adult defend-

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"Old Town Canoes"

The Movies

(*See page 145*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

ers, a burning, partisan emotion is hardly the mood for enlightening parents on a difficult and intricate subject. Angry bludgeoning is useless, because intelligent parents will not readily respond to that treatment and tabloid parents will not read the book, anyway. Furthermore, in these days of relativity and the subsidence of the myth of scientific infallibility no scientist can assume a cocksure attitude in print without running the risk that his treatise will read to another generation as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" reads to ours. The book is also too long. If it were addressed to the same professional audience as G. Stanley Hall's books or Frazer's unabridged "Golden Bough," length would be no objection. But when one publishes a "plea to parents" one should remember that parents as a class are kept fairly busy in performing (for better or for worse) what they conceive to be their duties and that their time for studying the science of parenthood as they go along is limited. As a subtitle "The Magna Charta of Youth" invites unfortunate comparison with the singular brevity of the document under which the English people achieved their liberties.

Mr. Seabury's work, like that of most psychoneurologists, is based upon a study of the abnormal, which consequently is thrown strongly into relief and is likely to alarm as well as enlighten the normal parents of normal offspring. It is, of course, hard for any student of the abnormal to keep his perspective and to temper his message to the normal; yet of necessity it is to the normal that his appeal must be made when his spirit cries for expression. In this respect Dr. Watson's method is in refreshing contrast. He neither sits down to analyze and catalogue human nature by introspection in the manner of the old school nor plunges into the wards and clinics with the idea of deducing the lines of the true picture from the caricatures of abnormality. And he does not give us the infernal jargon of psychoanalysis. Scientist that he is, he gets out his tools and goes to work. If we wish to find out, says he, why human nature is what it is and acts as it does, the first thing to do is to discover just what equipment the human starts out with—what accessories are included at the time of delivery. And obviously the way to make that discovery is to examine and test babies—thousands of them—just as they come along. When we know what is there and what is not there at the beginning, only then have we a dependable point of departure.

Whether he is right or wrong about his behaviorism, we cannot but admire Dr. Watson's intellectual courage. He is the *enfant terrible* of psychology. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the old-school psychological band-wagon was rolling by in state, out stepped Dr. Watson and conspicuously sucked his behaviorist lemon. There ensued a riot and a frantic pursuit which has lasted ever since. They cannot catch Dr. Watson, yet cannot escape him. Their ears continually ring with his taunt: "Whaddya mean, instinct? Before you talk any more, come on into the baby laboratory with me and find out what it is you are talking about." But the old-time psychologist doesn't go in much for babies. Nor does he take kindly to scientific method; his tools are words and what he calls concepts, and of them he raises his bewildering edifices.

In Dr. Watson's book there is a vast deal of light and no heat, which is as it should be. And the book is short. Even a parent in the heat of the fray can manage 187 pages. And every parent *should* manage it, because there is fully as much chance that Dr. Watson may be right as there is that any one else may be right. The great difficulty is that before we can unhesitatingly accept in its completeness any one of the various systems of child culture which are proffered us we must be clear about the underlying biological facts. And how can we be clear? At one extreme is the school which insists that everything is determined by heredity. In the center is the Dewey school and the psychoneurologists, who teach that the fundamentals are determined by heredity, but that the working out and development of the inherited possibilities are dependent upon environment and training. And at the other extreme are the behaviorists, who claim that beyond furnishing the normal physical equipment heredity has nothing to do with the formation of character and personality.

It is all very confusing. We incline to resent the theory of the extreme hereditiyists because of its unfairness. On the other hand, we resent the behaviorists' theory because our lay experience is that in character and ability and personality heredity does, and should, count a great deal; because it wounds our self-esteem to believe that we can have no decisive hand in our own fashioning, but that all that we are and can be was determined for us by others in our early childhood; and because it terrifies us to think that we have such responsibility for and power over the development of our children. Yet if we recoil from the two extremes we find no very comfortable berth with the centerists. Professor Dewey puts forth with musical persuasiveness his ideas of the development and

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unfolding of the personality that lies hidden within; he charms and attracts us; but a responsive chord is nevertheless struck within us by Dr. Watson's blunt criticism of all this as a "doctrine of mystery." And the psychoneurologists, unfortunately, reek so much of the abnormal.

However much the successfully treated abnormal patient may bless the names of Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung, the normal common-sense world simply will not tolerate their repellent grotesqueries. That they and their followers, both moderate and extreme, have achieved surprising results is not to be denied. The same may be said, however, of Christian Science, Yogi, holy shrines, and the young bedridden steamstress in Germany who today has the doctors at their wits' end because of her ability to make the stigmata appear and disappear upon herself at will. When a man does certain things in a certain way with the intention of producing a result which does in fact occur, it may be wonderful, but what it proves is another story. The primitive man lights his little torch at dawn every day in order to make the sun rise; and, sure enough, the sun rises. That is enough for him. A devout Oriental, suddenly stricken with pains in the stomach, betakes himself to the temple and prays for twenty-four hours. When he emerges cured, he thinks the great God has heard his prayer. He may be right, but one of little faith might suggest that the incidental fasting had something to do with the result.

Even if it be conceded that what he does is the direct cause of the intended result which occurs, still it does not follow that his theory *why* the result is so caused is necessarily the correct one. Benjamin Franklin would have received the same shock from his key had his theory been that the thunder clouds sucked up lightning out of the earth through the kite string. And so it is that the same result which the psychoanalyst will point to as completely vindicating his theory—the same result will be explained by Dr. Watson on an entirely different theory and without any nonsense about inhibitions, complexes, repressions, fixations, and that convenient whole-cloth invention, the subconscious mind. If only it were possible to shut these conflicting psychologists and biologists into a convention at Geneva where they could thrash out their theories and emerge with some compromise program! But, unfortunately, time and the growing child will not wait and there can be no compromise program in science. So our only course is to be practical; to pass lightly over the various theories while keeping our attention upon their respective methods and results. After all, what counts is what *works*. And on that basis we may all find much of great interest and value in both Mr. Seabury and Dr. Watson.

A Great Soul

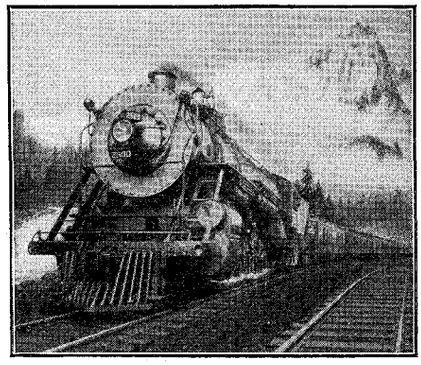
By AMOS N. WILDER

"Selected Letters," by Baron Friedrich von Hügel. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Baron Friedrich von Hügel, the great contemporary Roman Catholic lay theologian, identified with the Modernist movement (who would be giving the Gifford Lectures this year but for his death), was a great soul. His letters, here selected first of all for their personal revelation, manifest a great soul in action. In these days of meager spiritual personalities, it is good to find a man who took his ideal from the creative individuals of the Renaissance, who rooted his life in the great tradition of Paul, Augustine, and the Church, who englobed much of the modern world in his studies and friendships, and who dwelt in and brought into play all these catholic diversified contacts with tremendous force. His query of Protestantism is whether Catholicism at its best does not still somehow produce saints "of a depth of other-worldliness, of a delicate appealing heroism, and of a massiveness of spiritual wisdom" greater than can be found elsewhere, and he has done much to live this claim.

The weight of von Hügel's life was thrown, not with Modernism against the reaction of the Church, nor with the Church against Protestantism, by any means; but against the subjectivism, immanentalism, the desupernaturalizing tide of our epoch. He could not protest strongly enough, whether in writing to his friends Father Tyrrel and Alfred Loisy, or in addressing those who represent our modern secular outlook, against the neglecting of the essential "Is-ness," "Given-ness," "Factual-ness," of the supernatural. He saw that our humanizing of religion was dwarfing the spirit of man. He uses a graphic figure to emphasize the reality behind appearances. Besides man the subject, and the screen of phenomena of time and place upon which we look outside us; besides and beyond this last, von Hügel saw the ultimate supernatural realities like a mountain range behind a lot of signboards. This intermediate screen in the foreground is only significant as it becomes penetrated with and symbolic of the ultimates.

The Baron's message carried to the most diverse quarters, and the letters show the wide range of friendships and adaptiveness that were his. What opened men's minds to him was, first, his



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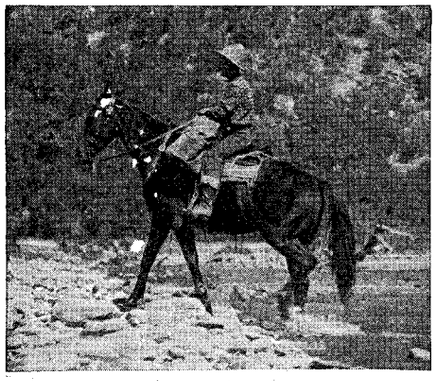

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large wisdom of the heart, and, again, his evident intellectual honesty. He was in touch with all modern Biblical scholarship. He was absolutely unprejudiced towards other faiths. He had a great appreciation of the secular sphere. His mysticism was deliberately balanced by an insistence on the spiritual importance of our life in the world. He had as a primary trait the fear of oversimplifying, and entertained a persistent hospitality to all the great departments of life like art, industry, science.

This man is richly worthy of study—and particularly in his letters—in view of the impending crisis of traditional Christianity in the modern world. Von Hügel is a Roman Catholic fact, as embarrassing to one party as to the other. He is embarrassing to the ultramontanist because he was so open to the movements of the modern spirit in science, scholarship, and civil liberty. He is equally embarrassing to secularist and anti-Romanist because of his breadth of sympathy, alertness to the contemporary world, and, above all, because of his undeniable saintly life.

The one reserve that one might make upon the full scope of von Hügel is with regard to his social outlook. He sympathized with the ongoing movement of political liberty, indeed. He sided with England in the war, though his father, an Austrian officer, had been the one that facilitated the escape of Metternich from Vienna and gave much of his life to the cause of the old Empire. But there is little echo in these letters of the awakening Christian social conscience of today. Here we touch, perhaps, the live point and intrinsic contribution of modern Protestantism. When von Hügel denied to the Free Churches of Anglo-Saxondom the ability to turn out full-orbed saints, he had in mind a somewhat mediæval conception of the saint. Today we value a type of spiritual self-culture like that of a von Hügel himself, but our homage goes supremely to that kind of a saint who is a "spiritually-minded man of the world." The St. Francis of the twentieth century will be a spirit like von Hügel in his tremendous awareness of the spiritual realities (of which this superficial age has little), and he also will have a compelling sense of the preciousness of the anonymous millions that will issue in drastic strictures on the inhumanity of our institutions.

"NAPOLEON, the Man," by R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company (on the best-selling list for last week). Dr. Wilson ends his book with these words: "The Man had begun his everlasting empire over the mind and spirit of humanity." Interest in Napoleon is unceasing. Wilson's book is a curious contrast to Ludwig's, both in subject-matter and in style. Like most biographers, Wilson has strong emotions about his subject, and he sets about in his book to uphold and justify them. He believes Napoleon to be the friend of democracy and the enemy of tyranny, the savior of the revolutionary spirit, the liberator of small nations. It seems plausible enough, indeed, given the facts as Wilson interprets them, that he should have been actuated at least as much by motives of patriotism as by those of ambition. People who are sufficiently interested in Napoleon to be receptive to the expression of unorthodox opinions about him will enjoy Dr. Wilson's book if they like the way it is written. Dr. Wilson appears to believe that to write in the popular manner means to address himself to an audience of children. Possibly he is right in this, but his style is so ingenuous that one is teased by the thought that perhaps he has been equally guileless in his estimate of Napoleon. Nevertheless, his sources are excellent and his opinions interesting.

"THE Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young. A. A. Knopf (see list). A simple story, containing material enough for a good short story, expanded into a tenuous novel. It involves the triangle, a girl's pity and romantic affection for her first love and her passion (and passion, remember, means far more than sex attraction) for another. The problem is solved by sacrifice, but the weak ending of the story suggests that death will soon offer a better and final solution. Brett Young's last book, "Love Is Enough," was a fine solid work, the product of love and thought. This book is slight. It is highly readable, but it does not make the demands upon the reader's intellect and imagination which fine books must make. But it is in one thing fascinating. The setting of most of the story is the Valley of Kings, where the two men are engaged in archæological excavation. The atmosphere of excitement, the dusty sunlight, the weirdness of the tombs, is placed so vividly before the reader that he cannot put the book down until he has had it all.

F. C. L. R.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Clarence Day's
Thoughts Without Words
Knopf

Important thoughts don't come when you sit down on a rock and knot up your muscles and furrow your brow and press fist to forehead. You can't take thought, you have to let it come. Hence we like Mr. Day's Thinker as pictured on page V of his entertaining book much better than the Thinker of M. Rodin. We wouldn't give two cents for the thoughts Rodin's Thinker thought. But Mr. Day's thoughts are swell. They are, in manner and in spirit, many of them, like the thoughts Mr. W. S. Gilbert thought when he abandoned words and drew pictures. Though Gilbert didn't know they were thoughts, he thought they were illustrations for the "Bab Ballads." Mr. Day asserts that he has used only the smaller sizes of thoughts in this book, but we found several that are at least a 10¾ head size. And a lot of the others are capable of being stretched. We hope Mr. Day won't stop thinking on our account.

The Living Bible
Edited by Bolton Hall
Knopf

The King James Version, interference with which in the shape of modernizations or simplifications we have always resented, is in this edition not tampered with at all. A lot of unnecessary and unimportant things are left out—all the "begats," for instance, and repetitions, and so on—and the order is rearranged in many places so as to form a connected story. The Gospels are synthesized, and to read them in this form was for us to get a clearer picture of the life of Christ than we ever had before. In the elimination of unnecessary words some of the beauty of the old prose has, we believe, been sacrificed. We had rather read the story of Job in the unabridged King James. But the change from verses to paragraphs is very acceptable, and, after all, the reduction of the Bible to a third of its bulk without the sacrifice of anything important, and with so slight a sacrifice of its literary value, is a remarkable and a worth-while work.

Chilson D. Aldrich's
The Real Log Cabin
Macmillan

The logs that once built the pioneer's cabin now, after passing through the pulp mill and the printing-press, daily cram us with facts and veneer us with sophistication. The result is that today log cabins are in almost every part of the country more expensive than frame houses. Nevertheless they are the most appropriate material for building a summer camp in the woods. The author, an architect who has specialized in log cabins for years, gives complete instructions for building anything from a one-room shack to a ten-room camp. Whether you want to build the cabin yourself or have it designed and built for you, we think of nothing you want to know that can't be found in these pages, and there are lots of pictures. Not only is the matter of furnishings gone into, but there are full instructions for building fireplaces. As a text-book we have only one fault to find: there is a little too much *Schwärmerei*. But Mr. Chilson loves the woods, and we can forgive a lot on that score.

Louis Tracy's
The Woman in the Case
Clode

John, trying to get into his hotel bedroom, busts the key in the lock, so the night watchman lets him go into the Coffee King's suite to sleep. John peels down to his woolies and his socks, but before getting into bed decides to have a look round. And the door opens and in come two ladies! John ducks behind the screen and overhears strange things. And yes, you've guessed it—he falls in love, right there in his underwear. But what has the girl got to do with the strange death of Lord Farndale? Well, we found out, though the mystery seemed wrapped up in a great many words. And the heroine's name being Esmée was unfortunate, as we had just finished reading a story by Saki about a hyena who had the same name. And there really isn't enough for all the characters to do. The hero and his two friends just sit around and talk most of the time. Except when they speak to Esmée. Then, according to the author, they bleat. We like more violence in our books, especially when they are by Louis Tracy, who usually does violence convincingly. But there's only a page and a half of it in this book.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's
The Fortunate Wayfarer
Little, Brown

An eccentric nobleman with a lurid past, wishing to disinherit his nephew, hands £80,000 over to the first person who passes his door. Will it startle you to learn that the hero of the book, one Martin Barnes, is the fortunate donee? And then Martin tries to be a gentleman. Of course he makes the grade without too much puffing, and, although some of the smart set are inclined to be a little snooty, Lady Blanche is there to keep them in order. But it's not all pie for Martin. Two polished and fatal villains from his benefactor's past cause ructions, but Mr. Oppenheim straightens it all out in the end.

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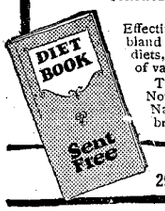

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LITTLE "ADS" THAT REACH FAR

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Lowden of Illinois

(Continued from page 124)

den has lived on the Rock River farm—5,000 acres big. In more recent years he has bought and now operates large farming properties in Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, and Michigan, not to mention the old home place in Minnesota and a small one in western New York. He is one of the largest farm operators in America.

Such is the leading advocate of the principle of the McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill, with its equalization fee, the bill which President Coolidge in the last Congress vetoed as economically unsound and as conferring special privileges.

How could a man who has done the things that Frank O. Lowden has done become the champion of a plan which so many people, the President included, believe to be an economic vagary?

No doubt his reasons are many. Here is one of them.

When the hard times came a few years ago, Frank O. Lowden's farms began losing money. He examined himself, and found that he was giving to his farms the same sort of supervision that he had given to the big and successful enterprises with which he had been connected. He had farm management experts check his business system. They reported it good. He had soil chemists examine the soil of his various farms. These proved to be good farms. He had agronomists check his cultural methods. These, too, were good. And yet the farms went right on losing money.

Lowden came to the conclusion that the plight of agriculture was primarily due to something else than the alleged fact that the American farmer is not a good business man. And so Lowden became the leader of what has been called the agricultural revolt.

I am sure Lowden does not believe that he is fighting simply the battle of the farmers. He believes that, unless farming is reasonably profitable, the soil will become exhausted, the home market for manufactures weakened, and, in the end, the country destroyed as, he says, all countries have been that permitted agriculture to languish. His answer to the argument that the equalization fee would result in increased production is that production cannot be increased without new capital, that capital will not go there unless agriculture should become more profitable than other industries, and that nobody expects any such result as that from any farm relief legislation.

Lowden always says, after he has expounded what he regards as the solution of the farm problem, "It may be that there is a better solution of the problem than the one I have suggested."

Many of the farmers who, with Lowden, have accepted the McNary-Haugen plan believe that there might have been a better solution had anybody in executive authority in Washington tried to find it. Lowden supporters among business men of the East (there are such, current comment to the contrary notwithstanding) are mostly inclined to the belief, perhaps, that almost any solution would be better, and many of them believe that Lowden, if he were President, would find that better solution.

Nobody doubts that Lowden, as President, would bring the powers of the Government to bear upon an adequate solution of the farm problem. As to what else he would do there may be some question, but not much in the minds of those who know his record.

Lowden is as devoted as the Tariff Commission itself to Republican orthodoxy on the tariff. Trained in finance and big business, he could be depended upon not to play the bull in the business China shop.

But he would tear down some bureaucratic playhouses at Washington. If any man doubts that, let him read Lowden's "Too Much Government," in "World's Work" for December, 1926, and "Our Government Halts and Creaks," in the New York "Times" of December 27, 1925. In those articles he speaks severely of some parts of our Governmental organization, particularly of independent boards, and not very kindly of the none too successful efforts at reorganization made by the Harding and Coolidge Administrations.

There is not much room for doubt that by the end of the third year of a Lowden Administration the ten Cabinet departments would contain all of the machinery of the United States Government. And not all of those in the Departments now would be there then. One of Lowden's most thoroughly fixed beliefs is that the Federal Government can stand the strain of present-day conditions "only if we employ in Government men of larger training and greater ability all the time."

The candidate of, among other things, the agrarian revolt; trained in large-scale finance and industry; author of "Lincoln, the American" and "Theodore Roosevelt;" student; executive; standpatter; reformer; "safe and sane" by the old business definition, "radical" by a newer definition; a democrat who does not believe that democracy is the last word in government. Such is Lowden, the Republican.

Vaudeville at Angelus Temple

(Continued from page 127)

question. But they are there, waiting for " 'Sister' to pray for them."

"Here they come, from all sides; down from the top gallery, up the aisles, here they come," she almost screams through the microphone. (There were perhaps thirty-five out of an audience of 5,500.) But each convert was guided and supported by a personal worker who seemed to spring from the ground by magic the instant a hand was raised. How many remained and sought baptism after being lifted by Aimee to the throne of grace is not known. Doubtless none slipped through the net who could be kept.

At 9:30 to the second she dismisses the multitude with the benediction, inviting all "first-niters" to stay and be shown around the Temple by official guides; to see the commissary department with its store of food and clothing for the destitute to whom the Temple ministers, the carpenter shop where are made the "sets" with which Aimee frequently garnishes her evening performances and the school where more than a thousand students are taught McPhersonism and the Four-Square Gospel, to go out later as evangelists. But it is over three hours since most of those present seated themselves in the opera chairs, and three hours is longer than any church audience in America save Aimee's can be held together night after night.

The vast concourse swarms to the street. Scores of waiting electric cars take all swiftly back to the big city, swallowing up this tiny leaven of 5,500 in a garish, blatant, heedless lump of over a million souls.

What shall be said? Aimee is Aimee, and there is none like her. A religious message utterly devoid of sound thinking, loose and insubstantial in its construction, preposterously inadequate in its social implications, but amazingly successful after five years of running, and still going strong, judging from statistics, the infallible appeal of churchmen. No American evangelist of large enough caliber to be termed National has ever sailed with such insufficient mental ballast. The power of McPhersonism resides in the personality of Mrs. McPherson. The woman is everything; the evangel nothing. There is no way to understand how a jejune and arid pulpit output has become a dynamic of literally National proportions but to hear and see the woman. To visit Angelus Temple, the home of the Four-Square Gospel, is to go on a sensuous debauch served up in the name of religion.

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